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### THE CHARACTER OF GOETHE.

MEMOIRS OF GOETHE, *written by himself.* J. & J. Harper, N. York.

Continued from page 186.

THE same trait which has been remarked as distinguishing the other works of Goethe, strongly marks his autobiography. We refer to the unconscious simplicity, and almost carelessness, with which he expresses the most original and striking sentiments. In the works of ordinary writers there is a visible preparation for the fine passages. The style alters, and the language of the particular period which is intended to be forcible is inflated to a corresponding dignity. But our author's style, like that of every other master, becomes simpler as the meaning deepens. You might not detect it if you read carelessly. It is like a rare essence which escapes the organs of the rude, or the feat of a juggler which deceives you by its apparent ease. You go back and linger upon his pages, and wonder that their beauty or their power could have been hidden in such simple drapery. The artifice, for it is such, succeeds perfectly. The effect is proportioned to the surprise, and to the degree in which the imagination is left to amplify and supply. There is a beautiful instance of this in Goethe's history of his attainments. Speaking of his drawings, he says, "It was not so much the subjects delineated by my unskilful pencil that I saw in these productions, as the gay imagery that floated in my imagination while I was thus employed. I attached to every tree, leaf and plant, the remembrance of one of my short moments of felicity. Thus my portfolio became my most valued journal, and these rude sketches, embellished by my recollections, have always possessed so lively an interest in my sight, that I have never been able to determine on sacrificing them. Even now, I confess, this sacrifice would be beyond my

strength." Who that reads this beautiful passage does not feel that it contains within its brief limits the whole theory of circumstantial attachments? Who that has sketched a landscape, or painted a flower, or mused pleasantly over a book, and afterwards loved them, he scarce knew why, does not feel that this tells the secret—that it was not the value of the sketch, or the flower, or the book—not, as he may perhaps have feared, because it was his own work, and therefore a selfish affection, but because it recalls to him a thousand invisible associations—because the crowd of musing thoughts that floated with golden wings about him during that silent employment are all linked with it—because there is not a marked passage, or a trace of his pencil, that does not call up a spirit with a familiar face, and bring back to him, in all their light and beauty, the vanishing dreams that without it would have passed away forever?

But if this is true of the objects of idle amusement, how much more forcible is its application to *poetry*. Let him who has found pleasure in it answer. If he has followed it from a worthy love, not of the reward it brings, though even that has a color of nobleness, but of its own high ravishment—if he has forgotten in its flow the circumstantial world about him, and become, without one material association, an inhabitant of a pure ideal universe—if he has never numbered the measures of his verse by the silver it will win, or fettered and changed its high courses for the good will of criticism—if, however humble in other things, he considers his gift of poetry as something apart from the popular breath, and not dependent upon it for its life or its value—then will he treasure up even a fragment, or the faintest outline of a conception, and feel, like the enthusiastic and true-hearted Goethe, that its "sacrifice would be beyond his strength." We have seen this attachment to their own productions recorded in the lives of poets as weakness and egotism. Even the liberal D'Israeli speaks with a difficult forbearance of Shenstone's regret that his familiar letters had been destroyed by a friend. "I would have given," says this amiable poet, "more for the letters than is allowable for me to mention with decency. They are the history of my mind for these twenty years past." Nothing was ever more unjust than the name of egotism given to feelings like these.

The hours spent by men of such minds in production, while they are sacred from outward intrusion, are open to the whole circle of the affections. The mind without them would be like the light of heaven without its heat. They mingle their warm and glowing colors with the clear tracery and transparent work of fancy, and the whole history

of the heart, like the heroic deeds of olden time wrought gorgeously upon their rich tapestries, is woven into the intellectual fabric. Their holiest and best moments are therefore visibly recorded. The heart has been laid open and copied like a book, and the feelings to which we cling in death, and which we cherish, living, like a vestal fire, are inwrought and storied in poetry. It is the world to which the poet has fled from everything which troubled his peace. He has been slighted by the proud, or neglected by his friend, or hurt by the severity of the unfeeling, and in poetry he has forgiven and forgotten them. He has been depressed by the many nameless and unaccountable influences that settle so heavily and without warning upon the spirit, and poetry has lifted and dispersed them. He is indebted to it for his daily cheerfulness—nay—for his very endurance of life. How should he throw aside its sybilline leaves because a blind world cannot see their mystic meaning?

Throughout this delightful book there are traces of liberality in judging of the works of others—a freedom from the disposition to criticise, which are no less evidences of the author's goodness of heart than of elevation of genius. He says in one place, “It is a most fortunate thing for the young when they can defend themselves from the spirit of criticism, and yield up their minds to the impression of the beautiful and excellent without troubling themselves to discover and separate the accompanying dross.” And again of Shakspeare, “I was the first to comprehend his genius with the liveliest enthusiasm, and my friends caught the contagion which lifted me above myself. All we wished for at the time was to enjoy him at our ease, and yield ourselves up to his fascination. We could not bear to scrutinize the talents of the man who afforded us so much pleasure, or to look for his defects. We took pleasure in greeting him with unbounded admiration.” What a beautiful trait is this of intellectual greatness! How few there are who are thus willing to be pleased and to render to genius an unqualified and generous admiration. Who is there besides Goethe, who would not have taken so fair an opportunity to shew critical knowledge—who would not have found fault with the noble bard, and coldly analized the magnificent light of his mind, instead of dwelling on its influence, and opening his heart to it before the world for the entrance of its delightful offices. The carping, complaining spirit of criticism is at a far remove from such magnanimity. It is not the result of a healthful, clear vision. It is not the language of feelings willing to be wrought upon, or a fancy free to listen implicitly to the “voice of the charmer.” It is the jaundiced eye, and the dull ear, and a

taste embittered and perverted, that can see and hear the beauty and harmony of genius, and not be ravished sometimes from the professional coldness. Not that we are advocates for indiscriminate praise. Goethe himself has criticised Shakspeare, and let him who would see a just and splendid criticism read his analysis of the character of Hamlet. He dwells upon its beauties, not its blemishes. He descends, like others, into the mine of poetical invention, but it is for its gems. The common earth and the baser minerals in which they are imbedded are thrown by and forgotten, not spread out and dwelt upon, and the fair crystals are separated, and held up exultingly to the light, that others may see and admire their perfection. This is the natural and true use of criticism. The abusive and sarcastic temper which has prevailed in the last age of reviewing was of a peculiar school, whose masters were embittered and unsuccessful authors—men who had talent to be severe upon what they had not genius to equal, and who, after walking in a vain competition with superior minds the scenes of the poetical drama, had come out with a bitter envy, to betray its secrets and destroy the pleasant illusion of its admirers. We are glad that this temper is passing away. We rejoice that, on this side the water at least, criticism must be fair and dignified not to meet with silent contempt. It begins well in a country whose pride is its clear-seeing and unprejudiced judgment, and we are proud when we remember that Wordsworth, and Shelley and Keats, had their first full harvest of fame with us. Even Byron preferred his American reputation, and Mrs. Hemans looks to our land for her fairest portion; and at this moment, Coleridge, and Southey, and the subject of our present remark, have a far more undivided and generous appreciation here than in England. It is natural that it should be so. We have no personal, no political animosities with them. They stand on their mere, abstract, literary merit. Their books are read with enthusiasm because they are true to the great universal standard—a standard which is in every human bosom, and which sits in candid and unfallible judgment whenever it is not warped by the immediate and unworthy atmosphere of personal prejudice. We sincerely believe that no durable wrong can be done to any writer in this country. There is an independence of dictation, a general and cultivated capacity for individual opinion among us, which turns back an ill-shot arrow upon its sender, like a silver shield. Scurrility and malignity only make their authors infamous, and there is no instance from one end of the land to the other of an abusive writer either successful or respectable. We look forward with sincere satisfaction to the coming age of litera-

ture. The arena is clear and open. The candidates for its honors are sure of a fair award. In the general diffusion of knowledge and free thought, there is not a spectator incapable of judgment—no many-voiced and rude mob to take up the cry of the envious and discourage the timid aspirant. If there is strength, or grace, or fair proportion among us, it will surely come out in so golden an era.

One of the most winning peculiarities of our author, to us, and one for which he has been more severely criticised than for any other, is his fondness for dwelling on the history of his childhood. This delightful evidence of a heart kept young and fresh under the wear of the world, has been made matter of amusement by the English critics—a class of men, who, with all their acuteness and real ability, never yet did justice to real feeling till the voice of universal sympathy with the writer became too audible to be misunderstood. We might be diffident enough to suppress our opinion before such authority, were it not that Wordsworth, the noblest and purest mind that has shone upon the world since Milton, betrays the same feeling and has breathed its beautiful spirit into an Ode whose majesty and harmony are unsurpassed in the whole compass of English poetry. We can easily conceive that men like Jeffrey and Gifford, who seemed to have been born with their hearts full of gall, were never happy till they arrived at an age when it was relieved by a discharge upon the fine and sensitive spirits whose life it poisoned. We can believe that *their* childhood was not happy. There must have been a smothered feeling within them, mistaken, we dare say, for the stirrings of ambition—a suppressed fever in their hearts—which could not be allayed under the retributive justice of boyhood, and which colored with its own bile every impression of loveliness. There was no corner for a safe and covert exercise of their noble faculties in the simple laws which governed that republic. Their sullen mien and bad temper were visited upon them with too sudden a retribution, and the mutual action of hate and cowardice, inseparable qualities in such minds, must have made it any thing but an age to be remembered pleasantly. We can easily forgive them for their want of power to comprehend the beauty and exalted happiness of the young! Goethe and Wordsworth were born with no such unhappy natures. To them, childhood was truly the morning of life, with all its natural and dewy freshness. The generous and loving elements of their character had a constant and spontaneous action. Care had not deadened, nor shame concealed, nor selfishness smothered them. Without knowing their names, or inquiring whence they came, the sunshine and the wind and the visible beauty

of the world, were let into their hearts like the expected and unquestioned light of Heaven. They were happy they knew not why, and generous because it was the first impulse, and brave and beautiful without consciousness or vain glory. They had no mistrust of their fellows, no misgiving of the love of those who fed and blessed them. They awoke with glad and gay hearts, and spent the day in their cheerful employments, and laid down at night with a happy prayer for the love and protection of which they did not realize the need, because they had never failed them. Who does not look back on such a period with delight? Who that has had his ingenuousness abused, his generosity repaid by ingratitude, his pity scorned, his confidence and love returned with hate and suspicion—who, in short, that has lived to be a man, and breathed the atmosphere of this grown up world, does not look back on his boyhood with irrepressible regret—dwell upon it, and linger on its recollections, and recount its simple pleasures with a feeling akin to that of a spirit receding from his sphere. We are aware that to many it seems but a period of crude and unripe impressions—a time of weakness and ignorance. We know that the mind strengthens with age, that the faculties are developed, and that the proportions of the body become fitter for use and labor. But we know also, that the better qualities of the heart are blunted in proportion to its illumination—that the refinement of these crude and imperfect opinions fritters away their freshness and beauty, and that the strength of the intellect and the vigor of the body are often bought by a loss of all the fervor of the one, and the exquisite enjoyment of mere life and motion which was the property of the other. We are not attempting now to prove that the child is superior to the man, (though we think it would admit of a fair argument;) we would only justify the retrospection—the regret of manhood. It is the course of Providence that we should mature and change; but if we were happier in our earlier days we would be allowed to remember and speak of them. We would do our duty as men—but in the intervals of severe labor, we would refresh ourselves with the memory of those

“First affections,  
Those shadowy recollections,  
Which be they what they may,  
Are yet the fountain light of all our day.”

We are not sure that toil, and knowledge which is but a knowledge of evil, and bad passions, and disease, and care, are a fair exchange for virtue, and health, and fine impulses, and innocent pleasures. We are not sure that the dove which has soiled and broken its white wings

in keeping company with the owl is better for her wisdom. We would not exchange the feeling of the child who exclaimed "God has made a star," when he saw it spring suddenly in the west, for the maturer knowledge of the man, that it is a part of a system and revolves in its orbit.

We wish we could lend the reader our copy of Goethe. We would have him sympathize with us fully in our admiration. We have marked passages all over it which we would have him admire, and which we should delight to dwell upon. His childhood, his youth, his manhood, his literary experience, his singularly graphic drawings of his great contemporaries, his various adventures in the *belle passion*—all are full of nature and originality and interest. The episode of Frederica, the history of the "Betrothed," his intimacy with Madame Von Klettenburg, his *naïve* and fascinating description of his sister, are among the parts which at this moment recur delightfully to our recollection.

In a faithful history of a human life, there will be, necessarily, material for objection. But unless the faults are more apparent, and more calculated to have a wrong tendency, than those in the book before us, we should deem it a most unnecessary presumption to attempt their exposure. We are sure that no virtue can be endangered by reading it. We are sure that there are few books from which those who are disposed can gather more valuable maxims for life. We are positive that no person, of any susceptibility to moral beauty can read it without turning down its leaves, and marking its many pleasant passages, and laying it up as a resource from depression and a topic of conversation.

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#### MARY.

I saw a tear run down her fading cheek  
Like to a dew-drop from the red rose shaken ;  
It seemed a pearl, of sorrow's own, to speak  
What yet her tongue could not—"I am forsaken!"

I saw her in that dreary lapse of doubt,  
When shades of wo and night were spread above her,  
When every gleam of hope was prisoned out,  
And none but me was left on earth to love her.

I would not own that she had ever sinned,  
That Heaven's pure veil had there been rent and broken,  
I gave those dreamings to the idle wind,  
And the sad girl my trusting heart in token.

Heaven bless'd the thought ; her spirit's dimness went,  
 Like evening shadows from the sun's adorning,  
 And smiles and tears were in her blue eyes blent,  
 Like sun and dew on violets in the morning.

She turned from leaning on a broken reed,  
 The dawning summer of her bosom made her  
 A happier girl—more fully blest indeed  
 Than if the garb of wo had not arrayed her.

And she was nearer than a mother's love ;  
 If but my slightest feature told dejection,  
 She hovered by me like a summer dove,  
 And clad me in the sunlight of affection.

Two swift and sunny years she lingered here,  
 As a light flower on autumn's withering bosom,  
 And then she drooped without a pang—a fear,  
 And slept in earth—a seed for Heaven's pure blossom.

Sleep, Mary, for the summer dews lay soft,  
 In the bright turf above thy lonely pillow,  
 The summer winds blow sweetly there and oft,  
 And long, thin grass waves, like a sea-green billow.

Angel—for now thou art—if ever thou  
 Among the stars art one—in distance trembling,  
 Let thy sweet radiance fall upon my brow,  
 Like a bright drop—thy joyous tear resembling.

Come and be near me in my evening dreams,  
 Around my heart-strings, like faint music hover,  
 Flit not away in morning's golden beams,  
 But alway light the bosom of thy lover.

J. O. R.

## THE RIVAL PILOTS.

ON the northeastern shore of Jamaica stands the port of Halfmoon Bay. A few low houses, some thatched, some shingled, scattered along the level beach of an open roadstead, give a forlorn aspect to the place, and the few trees that shade them are marked with the weather stains of the sea, and bent inland, as if about to flee to the mountains from the strong trades to which they are constantly exposed. Back of the town, is an extensive lagoon, shaped like a crescent. It terminates in points within a few rods of the sea, and thus completely locks the place in its pestilential embrace. In general, its waters are tolerably sweet, and afford shelter to multitudes of fish and alligators. But in August, it turns green, and noxious exhalations rise, and hang

in a hazy cloud over it, and, at length, spread a brassy shroud completely over the heavens. Then also the trade winds cease, or blow only in fitful and violent gusts. The ships in port, take the alarm, and unfurl their canvass, to seek the more salubrious North; fever begins its ravages; and for three months, Halfmoon Bay is the veriest pest-house in the universe. Back of the lagoon, the land extends in a dead level, for two miles; and is covered with the dense cane fields of the estates of Lewellyn and Frontier; it then becomes undulating, presenting picturesque dwellings of the rich planters; and another mile brings you to the spurs of the Blue mountains, which form the back ground to every view that can be had of the island from the shore. Notwithstanding, therefore, its actual dreariness, Halfmoon and its environs furnish one of the most charming views imaginable. The rich cane fields, with their hedges of blossoming lime, looking like the parterres of a garden, the amphitheatre of its hills sweeping round so gracefully, with their white crests of beautiful seats, and all swelling gradually till their bright green fades into a dim distant blue, and they become decidedly mountains of great elevation, impress the stranger, coming in from sea, like a paradise unfolding its arms to receive him in its embrace. But the moment he lands, he is dismally undeceived; and, if his errand is business, the deck of his ship, the barren beach, and the lake, infinitely more noxious than the Asphaltes, with its swarms of sand flies and moschetoes, are to be his haunts for weeks and months; and Tantalus-like, he may gaze upon the Hesperian gardens beyond—they are not for him. Add to this a white population unprincipled and dissipated; troops of idle blacks, who are cursed with freedom, and engaged in constant and noisy broils with the slaves and sailors, and you have some faint idea of the pleasant state of things at “Halfmoon-Purgatory,” as it is sometimes called, a name as expressive of its merits as that of an Indian chief. The only title which it has to the name of “bay,” is given by a high promontory on the eastern side; which, together with a slight projection on the west, forms an indentation of the shore something like a half-moon, whence its name in this narrative.

From the eastern headland there stretches a semicircular reef of rocks, nearly half across the entrance of the harbor; so that, notwithstanding the abundance of sea-room, it requires a skilful hand to bring in a vessel from the windward, (and they always come that way,) and moor her, without running upon the “Mermaids,” for so the reef is called. But, notwithstanding its numerous disadvantages, Halfmoon Bay is the mart for one of the richest districts of the island. Fifty sail of ships resort here annually to receive and take home the sugars, et cetera, of the parishes of Saint Margaret’s and Saint Mark’s; and at Christmas, it is nothing unusual to see twenty sail at once, moored in the harbor. Still, the arrival of a ship is not an every-day occurrence at such a port. The gun at the windward, as it comes sailing down on the trade wind, operates like an electric shock upon every man, woman and child in the place. The merchant drops his pen and seizes a spy-glass; the planter mounts his mule, and is seen

winding his way, at a calculating pace, to the bay ; there is a rush of the *profanum vulgus* to the wharves ; and even the poor slave is permitted to suspend his toils a moment, and gaze at the lone wanderer of the deep, as she comes, walking the waves in beauty, round the eastern headland. It is, in fact, the only event which ever breaks the dull monotony of the place, where the ease with which the means of life are obtained enables the mass of the inhabitants to lead a life of basking idleness.

But none feel that gun's magical effect like the men for whose ears it is intended. These were James Henry and Thomas Glen, the rival pilots of Halfmoon. The echoes of the far-off call would scarcely cease, before their *gigs* would be seen cutting the water, as if life and death depended on their speed. There is nothing more animating than a boat race. The dancing boat skipping from wave to wave, like a live inhabitant of the sea, and throwing high the spray ; the breathing silence, determined looks, and quick, nervous strokes of the rowers ; the intense anxiety in the face of the helmsman ; his low exhortation, and fierce rebuke, hurled at the head of some laggard at the oar, are all picturesque ; and then, the animating shouts from the shore, and the stripping, the bet, the laugh, the taunting cry of victory, and the craven silence and dropped oar of defeat—all concur to give an electric start to the blood, such as the votaries of the turf never knew.

It must be confessed, however, that the excitement produced in the veins by the well contested races of Jim Henry and Tom Glen, often ran higher than the pitch of pleasure ; giving to the life stream that quality known by the significant appellation of *bad blood*, and not unfrequently resulting in a pitched battle between themselves, or a ferocious skirmish among their partisans. Idleness is the mother of busy-bodies. It will not be surprising, then, that in a community inactive as that of Halfmoon, every man should be glad of something, a quarrel even, to give a little motion to the stagnant waters of existence. Accordingly, there was not an individual in the place who was not a decided partisan of one or the other of these nautical heroes. Songs as rude as the beings who sung them, and satires coarse enough to hit the obtuse understandings of the population of a West Indian sea-port, were all the vogue ; telling how Henry and his crew lay intoxicated in their boat, to the windward of the Mermaids, when Glen passed him in a gallant ship ; or how Glen run the brig Abrona on the reef at noon-day, and with as good a wind as ever blew.

But this singular spirit of party was not confined to the rabble. The gentry of the place, led, at first, by that involuntary election which the mind makes whenever any contested point is presented, were drawn by degrees into a strife, commenced by blackguards, till at length they became, *de facto*, principals in the affair. Henry Gladding, Esq. was owner of the splendid estate of Frontier. He was also largely engaged in commerce, having a warehouse, shops and wharf at the bay. The pilot, Henry, when not engaged in the duties of his profession, was employed by him as overseer of the gang that labored

at the wharf, and as captain of his droppers and lighters. And, in addition to this accidental connexion, as Henry, though rough as a rock, was an honest fellow and a skilful seaman, he would very naturally patronize him in the line of his profession. Gladding's influence thus gave Henry a decided advantage over his rival; for, as he received advice of the sailing of his regular traders, he could calculate very accurately upon the time of their arrival. At such times, a fishing mania would seize Henry; and you could see him prowling round "the Mermaids" with his lines and nets; but ten to one, he would return with a noble ship, instead of a mess of snappers or green turtle.

The business of our tale renders some farther account of Gladding necessary. He was a young man of some thirty years, and a fine specimen of that *rara avis*, the real English gentleman. He was a model of masculine beauty; tall and graceful, with a front like an emperor, and a certain military precision of movement, which gave a calm dignity to its port, without diminishing its ease. There was a fire in his dark eye, which is uncommon in northern men; and a loftiness of expression in the whole cast of his countenance that was rather distancing, and would make a stranger pause and take a second look, before he ventured on familiarity. Few, indeed, were ever admitted to a place in his heart; but these found it glowing with the best affections of our nature, which, at the date of our narrative, were in their finest and fullest flow; for he had just returned from England, and transplanted to the sunny soil of Frontier, one of the fairest flowers that bloomed on the banks of the Severn. In a word, he had wedded the lady of his choice. To place her in an independence suited to her worth, he had left his native land at the age of twenty-two, to dig for pelf under the burning sun of Jamaica. Unparalleled success attended his labors. He took the tide of circumstances at the flood, and it bore him on to fortune. I said that he was a man of fine feelings. But hearts that are capable of loving much, have generally an equal capacity for the opposite feeling. This was particularly true of Henry Gladding. There was no eccentricity in his passions, but he loved or he hated with his whole soul. He was also tinctured with something very like aristocratic pride. He would reason as calmly and consistently as a man could on natural equality, and then turn round and treat one whom he thought his inferior, with all the *hauteur* of an Austrian noble. Pride, indeed, was his foible; and yet it was not the pride of pelf, but of intellect; a high consciousness he had of his own worth, and of the moral inferiority of most of those with whom he came in contact. Any one who knows the miscellaneous materials which go to make up West Indian society, must be aware, that circumstances will often push into the society of gentlemen, men, whom neither their education, breeding, nor talents, entitle to that distinction. Minds like theirs could never harmonize with Henry Gladding's, and he took no pains to conceal the strong disgust with which they inspired him. It was frequently shown unseasonably, and to his injury; but, with him, feeling and expression were synonymous; and the waters of the bay might as easily remain smooth under the trade wind, as his

brow avoid knitting, and his lip curling, whenever meanness crossed his path. This manifest disrespect could not but be offensive to all who were its subjects. The consequence was, he had many inveterate enemies, who cursed him in their hearts, and murmured their discontent behind his back ; for few had the courage to do it to his face, or to stand the dreadful explosion of wrath which would follow.

But he had small time to waste upon them. He was a systematic man of business. The morning found him on horseback, among his cane-fields, observing the progress of his crops ; mid-day, in his counting-house at the Bay ; and regular as the evening, he would return on the wings of love to Frontier, to cherish his beautiful exotic, whose sun was his smile. She was a sweet girl, and just the being for one of Gladding's temperament to love. Artless and confiding as a child, it seemed the end of her being to love him, and you would be struck with the idea, when first you saw them together, that his existence was absolutely essential to hers. O these women ! the flowers of man's thorny pathway ! what a brute must he be who would crush them ! More than an idle ornament, when, with the delightful prodigality of their nature, they lavish upon man the overflowing treasures of their hearts, and put into his hands their whole stock of earthly happiness, how heartless must he be, who would trifle with the sacred deposit ! Happily for Harriet Moore, she had fallen into tender hands ; and rude though he might be to others, as the tornado of the burning zone, to her he was the breath of spring. It was delightful to observe the change that the short ride from Halfmoon to Frontier would produce in his countenance. The clouds, which contention, or the perplexities of business would often gather there, would begin to break away, the moment he left the pestiferous precincts of the place ; and when he entered his hall door, the sun could not be more open than his smile ; and when he met the mild eyes of his wife, and gazed into their liquid depths of blue till his own filled with tears, that look of assured and mutual love was past description. We would willingly dwell upon this picture of domestic bliss, but it is foreign to the business of our tale. We will therefore hasten to introduce to the reader one more personage.

Among those who had sometimes taken umbrage at the lofty bearing of Mr. Gladding, was his neighbor, Wentworth Bruce, of Lewellyn. He was a man of versatile talents. He could put on the gentleman, or any other character that suited his convenience, but was, withal, deceitful as the prince of darkness. His passions were as violent as Gladding's ; but in him it was a smothered flame, and you had to learn his displeasure from a thousand low acts of malice and petty hostility. It seems that Bruce had been concerned in some domestic troubles in the family of a Mr. Phillips. Phillips divorced his wife ; Bruce married her. Phillips married again, and soon after died ; Bruce divorced his lady, and took the widow. It was a subject of general scandal, and among other offensive things, Gladding was reported to have said, that he thought Bruce wondrous fond of John Phillips' leavings. This was officially reported to Bruce, and left a lasting sting. Still, how-

ever, he made fair weather of it, and met Gladding with his usual smile and bow. He took indeed a pleasure in backing Glen, for no other assignable reason but that Henry was supported by his neighbors; and Gladding's boats, that were left riding at the wharf, would sometimes be found "stove" or stranded on the beach, in the morning; but as this was not an uncommon accident, it was laid as usual to the surf; and as Gladding could show nothing to the contrary, he remained quiescent.

It was at this conjuncture, that a ship arrived from London, bringing out, to Gladding's order, one of those beautiful gigs used by the Thames watermen. The contest was over. Within two months from the receipt of this noble present, Henry anchored in the port six vessels; and Glen, by taking a two days cruise to the windward, succeeded in getting one. Violent altercations followed; for Henry did not display much magnanimity on the occasion, but took every opportunity of aggravating the mortification of his rival. Glen bore it well, for his rude nature; but he looked unutterable things, and it was evident that he was only waiting for the wheel to come round, to take a signal revenge.

It was on a clear, windy afternoon in July, that a large brig suddenly made her appearance in the offing. No gun had announced her approach; no one had seen her double the eastern headland; but there she was, as if by magic, and standing into the port under a press of sail. At that moment, Henry was engaged with three men in repairing the rigging of a large drogger, which lay at anchor about two hundred yards from Gladding's wharf. The small boat had been sent to the upper part of the bay, for some tackling; and the gig was lying at her usual moorings, at the head of the wharf. A loud shout came over the water from the windward, and turning round, Henry saw Glen standing in the stern of his gig, and waving his hat in triumph. A glance at the offing, and quick as thought he was in the sea, followed by the other three; and all were seen blowing like porpoises, and swimming at a prodigious rate towards the shore. Just then a crowd of men rushed upon the wharf, one of whom jumped into the gig, and loosing the fast, met the swimmers about half way from the drogger. A loud hurra burst from the multitude, the moment they were seated at their oars.

"And now," said the deep voice of Henry, "a dollar for each man!" and the boat went off over the bay, like a glancing shot from a cannon.

Glen was already past the shipping, and steering dead for the brig, across the line of the reef. Henry, on the contrary, pulled for its outermost breaker; thereby gaining a decided advantage by throwing himself directly in the vessel's course. No man was seen distinctly; for the breakers of the Mermaids were running high, and throwing a mist of sparkling spray between us and the scene beyond. The brig, however, hove to, as usual, and then came steadily on to her moorings. The gig of Glen was seen skulking back on its former way, its master standing in the stern and throwing his arms about, with the charac-

teristic violence of a Creole, and apparently venting his rage in curses on his crew. Henry was then doubtless on board the brig, but his boat was not seen in tow, as was usual, and the whole affair looked rather mysterious until Captain Milne landed with Henry in his jolly boat.

"I was on the look-out for a pilot," said the Captain, "and at length saw a boat putting off across the reef. She attracted the attention of all hands, for she came with a long and strong pull. The man in the stern, in particular, as I viewed him through the glass, made me think of some horsemen I have seen, whose bodies get along faster than their horses. Just then, there was a cry of 'a boat ahead!' and 'round to!' came next, in a voice that would have done honor to an admiral. Looking under the trisail boom, sure enough, there was a boat directly ahead, and not thirty yards off. 'Down with your helm!' I cried, 'down!' But it was too late. The next sea hung us directly over her, and we crushed her as I might an egg-shell—thus!" This was accompanied by a significant clenching of the hands, and a contraction of the muscles of the face, as if a cold shudder ran over the seaman at the recollection.

It seems that Henry, when he observed that he was not seen on board the brig, rashly determined to board her at full sail. He never wavered till there was only one large wave between them, and then it was too late. The next moment the brig appeared hanging over them on the top of the sea, with her bows and bowsprit high in the air, and many feet of her keel and bottom glittering in the sun, and then descended upon the boat in the trough of the sea with a force that would have sunk a ship.

"I had run forward," continued Captain Milne, "on observing the imminent peril of the boat, and had returned, as quickly, to the quarter deck, to see what became of the men, when a figure, which, to appearance, had come out of the sea, clambered over the taffrail and jumped upon deck. 'Pilot, captain!' said he, in the same grum voice which had hailed us. Hat he had none, and the brine was trickling from his hair over a face which glowed like a red hot shot. Had the sea-god himself made his appearance, he could not have been more in character, nor my ship's company more amazed. 'In the name of wonder!' I was beginning to say, when a loud hurra came from the other boat. Glen, it seems, had observed the accident, and was coming on with loud shouts. Henry very coolly lifted his dripping arm, and waving it to and fro, gave him the sign manual of the profession, that the ship was supplied. 'You can be of some use, however,' added he, in his dry way, 'you can pick up my men, which will be just the same thing, you know.' To confess the truth, in the hurry of the moment, for it had all happened in a minute, I had myself forgot my errand aft. Looking off on our starboard bow, as we then lay with our head to the wind, were several black objects, heaving and setting in the sea, which there was no mistake in taking for negroes' heads. 'The poor fellows will drown before we can let down the boat,' thought I, and I hailed Glen; for they were not far from him: 'Hal-

loo, there!" said I, "pick up those men!" But what was my astonishment to see the fellow, after shaking his fist at us with a malignity of expression in his face, that was visible at a hundred yards, deliberately take his seat, and turn the boat's head to the shore. "Can it be possible!" thought I; "pass up my blunderbuss!—Now, you dog, pick them men up, or I will put a slug through you." The cowardly hound obeyed, and then came towards us. "The least they can do," said he, resting on his oars at a little distance, "is to row me ashore; for my men have had hard duty of it." "I have no objection if *they* have not," said I, and, to say the truth, I should have been willing to have paid the rascal for his trouble, had he shown a little more humanity at first; so we filled away, and they returned the way they came, across the reef. But, what I consider the marvellous part of this day's work," continued the captain, "is Henry's getting on board. From the style in which we run him down, and the fact that there was another pilot within hail, no one dreamed of the possibility of his taking us into port, if he even escaped with his life. It was a wonderful instance of good luck that any of the crew, in those circumstances, should get on board, and an absolute miracle that he should be the pilot. These, however, are the facts to which I and my men are ready to qualify. It seems that Henry had the idea that we saw him, until we got quite near him. On discovering that we must go over him, he dove just as the brig was in the act of pitching, and passing under her, rose directly under the rudder. He caught the rudder chain, passed thence to the cabin window, and would have entered it, but thought himself rather too wet for a lady's state room, so passed on to the fasts of the stern boat, from thence to the deck, and took the brig just as Glen thought him gone to the bottom, and the job his own. It was a sweet morsel out of the mouth to Mr. Glen, and I can hardly blame him for being sulky."

"I wish from my soul that his master, Bruce, had been there," cried Gladding, with a smile of exultation which told how much he was delighted with his man's success.

While he was speaking, his four negroes who had been off with Henry came up, with their garments bloody, and their backs most shockingly lacerated. The ruffian, Glen, had taken them into a lumber yard in the rear of Bruce's counting-house, and, with the aid of the negroes who were then at work, had given them an hundred lashes each.

"And where was Mr. Bruce, the while?" demanded Gladding, with an intonation which he always had when greatly excited.

"Me see misser Bruce at de window, sir," said one of the sufferers, "and he tell Tom Glen drive de dam nigger out o' de yard."

"And me see him laugh, sir," said another of the exasperated blacks.

It was enough. A bright day in June does not undergo a greater change from the sudden rising of a tornado in the west, than did the face of Gladding. The blood rushed into it till it seemed ready to burst through the skin, and we were waiting to see what course his

wrath would take to vent itself, when he stepped suddenly to the desk, and directed to Bruce the following note :

" Sir,—A brutal outrage has been committed, on your premises, by Thomas Glen, and other men in your employ, and I have reason to believe by your connivance, on the persons of four of my negroes. Whether such conduct is peculiarly becoming to a man in the commission of the peace, and who consequently represents the king's person, and whose *honorable* character has been so long and so well known to the public, is not for one in my humble station to determine. But you cannot mistake this language, sir ; I demand these wretches, whom you suffered thus to maltreat my men, to be given into my hands, for punishment ; or else punish them yourself, as you are in duty bound to do, in a public and exemplary manner. With regard to the part which yourself acted in the tragedy, I shall have the honor of making it the subject of a personal interview hereafter. I have the honor to be, &c. HENRY GLADDING."

It was rashly done ; but his ire was up, and he thought not of consequences. In an hour, this answer was returned.

" Sir,—Whether I am responsible for the actions of Thomas Glen, is not for one of my humble capacity to determine. I leave it to the perspicuity of my gifted neighbor. One thing I shall beg the privilege of deciding for myself; that is, on the expediency of flogging my slaves—any demands which may be made to the contrary notwithstanding. If Mr. Gladding has any quarrel with Mr. Glen, they must settle it between them. I wash my hands of it. As to any part which you say I have had in the matter, all I have to say, is—' *prove it.*' I have the honor to be, &c. WENTWORTH BRUCE."

" Mr. Gladding and Mr. Glen !" said Gladding looking at Milne in unaffected astonishment.

" By my soul ! a queer conjunction truly," cried the captain, laughing ; " you are rising in the world, friend Gladding."

" The coward !" continued Gladding, without heeding the thoughtless merriment of the seaman, " coward ! to add insult to injury, and '*prove it !*' The caitiff knows that a slave cannot testify in a court of justice. 'Tis a burning insult, and he shall have cause to repent it."

The next day, there was a general muster of the regiments of Saint Margaret's and Saint Mark's at Green-Castle. The evolutions and inspections of the day were ended, and the troops dismissed. A group of officers, of whom Bruce was one, were just in the act of dispersing, when Gladding, attended by Milne, rode up, and, without further ceremony, charged him with aiding and abetting Glen in the barbarous treatment of his slaves. The suddenness and boldness of this charge astounded Bruce, but he found his tongue in time to give it a flat denial.

" 'Tis false, and you know it !" cried Gladding, in a voice hoarse with passion ; and aiming a blow at him with his heavy riding whip,

would have felled him to the earth, had not some of the company interposed.

Bruce's powers seemed paralyzed by the suddenness of the assault, and the almost unearthly rage of his adversary. He sat pale and mute as a statue, and sustained a torrent of abuse, and a hurricane of curses, such as had never lighted on the head of man before. Gladding, after he had exhausted every epithet that would cut and gall to the core, sat and gazed at him, in the sublimity of his anger, as if daring reply; then with a look of ineffable contempt, and a smile of triumph, he wheeled his horse and departed as rapidly as he came. Bruce still sat like one stupified.

"If Mr. Bruce is satisfied, *I am*," at length said a voice near him.

He started as from a trance, and saw the two last of the company moving off the field, and regarding him over their shoulders with a look of no doubtful meaning. Like a wound which at first benumbs sensation, the barb of this public disgrace at length began to rankle. The sneer of scorn was visible before him, and the accent, the laugh of derision, rung in his ear. He dashed the spurs furiously into his horse's sides, and took the road to Lewellyn. He arrived there, pale as death, and with foam upon his lips. He then sent for Mr. Bailey, of Glenallan, and they spent the night together.

The next day, there was riding to and fro between Glenallan and the bay, and long conferences between Mr. Bailey and Captain Milne. The day however passed off calmly. I spent it at Frontier, and never had I seen its master do the honors of elegant hospitality with more grace. He was calm and cheerful, without being gay. The storm of passion had passed, without leaving any of that listlessness and exhaustion which generally follow paroxysms of the kind; and a calm, like that which prevails in nature after an elemental conflict, had settled on his spirit. After dinner we took a ride over his beautiful domain. He had made it a paradise. Nature had gratefully seconded the improvements of art, for never were her energies developed and guided by a more skilful hand. We rode through fields of cane, separated by hedges of lime and lemon, with their white flowers and golden fruit; we visited the sugar works, where the mill was going to the cheerful song of the negroes, and the juices of the cane flowing in rivulets to the boiling house; we looked in upon the several processes of boiling, cooling, and crystallization; in a word, he led me over the whole estate with a minuteness that surprised me, for I had seen it all before.

We had returned through the garden where were collected all the luxuries and rarities of this wonderful climate, and were standing on the steps of an alcove, overgrown with the luxuriant vines of a blossoming grenadilla. Here Gladding paused and looked around with an expression which I shall never forget. It was not sorrow, and yet his eye was moist; nor was it joy.

"It is a pretty estate," said he, with a sigh, "but man must leave all, and who knows the hour?"

I now understood his emotion. It was the yearning of nature, on taking a prospective farewell of the pleasant things that had made life happy. But why should his thoughts take such a direction? No man enjoyed better health, and none had more reason to be attached to life. He looked at the house which stood at a little distance, with its green balconies, and his thoughts wandered next to the angel of his paradise.

"But it is a trifle," he continued, "'tis nothing to another parting"—his look was more eloquent than words, and the mistiness in his eye gathered to a drop and fell. He was himself again before we entered the house. He threw himself on a sofa, and during the remainder of the evening there was a pensiveness in his manner and a softness in his voice that was touching. His wife was dressed in white, with purple flowers in her hair, and looked like a fairy. She came and sat by his side, playing with his hair in her half childish way, and trying to dress it with flowers after the fashion of her own. He had been silent many minutes, and only looked up now and then to smile at her trifling.

"Are you thinking of our ride to Dover in the morning, Henry?" she inquired, still engaged with his hair.

He started violently. "To Dover!" exclaimed he, "who told you I was going to Dover?"

"There," said she, "you have shaken off all the flowers."

"But Dover!" again said he.

"Why, if you cannot go in the morning," said she, without observing his manifest agitation, "it can be postponed; but you know, my dear, you have been promising me a ride on Dover Beach these three weeks."

"Oh, ay—I recollect," said he.

"And will you go in the morning?"

"I cannot, possibly, my dear; for—I—have engaged to meet Captain Milne, at the Bay, by daybreak."

It was getting late, and I left them and returned home. Daybreak saw me on horseback, equipped for my usual ride. There is no portion of time so delicious as the hour from the dawn till sunrise. A spell pervades creation, and a silence so deep and holy, that to reason's ear the matin hymn of nature becomes audible. A West Indian evening has not much to boast of, for one can hardly venture forth under its heavy dews and dark vapors with safety. But the morning! that sweet hour of prime, match me it in the most favored climes of the Orient if you can. It was then that I was always abroad; sometimes turning my horse inland among the plantations, and meeting the cheerful salutations of the negroes, as they proceeded to the field, or with pails of water on their heads from the distant spring to the Bay; but more frequently along the shore, where my meditations would be unbroken, and they might go forth over the wide blue sea, free as the winds. I always loved the ocean. Its blue and restless waters mingle with my earliest recollections; and often have I stood upon its margin, watching the billows as they broke at my feet, till the lullaby of their many voices lapped me in a delicious reverie, and

their mystic motion would be arrested, and palaces would rise, and spirits move, upon the vasty deep, as at a magician's call ; till the advance of some audacious billow would sweep away the baseless fabric of my vision, and compel a precipitate retreat. With such predilections, Dover Beach was generally selected for my morning rides. It stretched, for a league, to the eastward of Halfmoon, in a gentle curve. It was hard, smooth, and white, and strewed with a profusion of shells. I thought I had never seen so beautiful a morning. The sea was smooth as a lake, scarcely affording a sufficient swell to draw a delicate line of foam on the bed of rice shells and eye stones upon which it broke ; and then so heavenly a blue ! and such wonderful transparency ! you might have seen a shilling upon its bottom at the depth of thirty feet, and detected all the movements of its finny inhabitants and creeping things, as distinctly as you can see the gold fishes in a lady's vase. And there was such an exhilarating freshness in the air ; so silvery a hue in the misty drapery of the mountains ; and withal, such a delicious calm spreading its wings over the heart ! I threw the reins upon my horse's neck, and let him proceed at his leisure ; and my eyes and thoughts were over the sea, when I heard the distant report of fire arms. About a mile ahead, I discovered several figures moving on the beach, and a wreath of smoke curling over them. Presently they were seen on horseback, and dispersing at full speed. One came towards me, with the velocity of a life and death errand. It was Gladding's boy, Philip. A dreadful light flashed upon my mind as I recollect "Dover." I felt sick, and had barely strength to stop him and inquire the matter.

"Oh, massa Mark ! massa Mark !" cried the poor little fellow, while the tears streamed over his face ; "massa there kill ; massa there kill !"

I waited for no more, but putting spurs to my horse, in three minutes I reached the spot where lay weltering in his blood the accomplished Henry Gladding. His eye was open, but glazed ; his pulse was silent, and the blood upon his lips. He was dead. The murderer and his accomplices had fled, and I was there alone with him. Fifteen minutes brought the doctor and a hundred others. The ball had entered his right breast, making a wide and ragged wound. The people continued to arrive in crowds, and, notwithstanding his faults, there was not a man in all that multitude that looked upon Henry Gladding, as he lay there dead, and slaughtered like a beast of the field, who did not weep for him.

Fifteen minutes more brought his negroes in a body, rending the air, after the characteristic extravagance of their untutored natures, with the wildest cries of grief. But oh, they were sincere. With the clasped hand and true accent of sorrow, they would pause over the body, and murmur, "Poor Henry Gladding ! See where Henry Gladding there lie dead !" and with such tears, and such looks of bereavement, as would have melted a heart of stone.

Shall I go on ? for there was brought yet another mourner. But I cannot ! My heart sickens at the recollection ! By a species of in-

tuition, it was known that Gladding had fallen in an affair of honor with Wentworth Bruce. His own pistol was clenched in his right hand, and not discharged. But I would have appealed to all then present, and confident am I, that not one, but would have united with me in execrating the wicked practice. Not one, but, over that bleeding body, would have forsaken it, and forever. We may sit by our firesides, and proses upon duelling as we may. But come and look at it upon the field of blood; let the victim be the brave, the good, and the friend of your heart—the life-stay of beauty and innocence;—view it as I viewed it on Dover Beach, and it comes home! and if you are not ready to embark on a crusade for its extirpation, then have I mistaken my fellow creatures!

The law of the land made it necessary to hold an inquest over the body. They came, with all the formality of the law; they examined the case with the profoundest sagacity, and the verdict was rendered with a gravity befitting the occasion, and in a tone like an oracle, “That Henry Gladding, of Frontier, came to his death by being shot by some person or persons *unknown!*” There was not a man in the two parishes of Saint Margaret’s and Saint Mark’s but knew that Gladding was shot by Bruce; but none could swear to it, for none had been present at the duel but the seconds, and two black boys, servants of the principals; and there was not a man of them that did not know that Robert Milne and Francis Bailey were seconds in the affair; but, again, no man could take his oath on it, and the boys were slaves and could not swear.

Such is the mockery that is made of law, in the face of reason; a cloak to shield the vices of society, under which the unprincipled may stab with impunity at the happiness of domestic life.—I said that the people came; they wept; but their tears were dried with the dew of that fatal morning, and their wounded hearts soon closed. But there *were* tears that ceased not to flow, till their fountain was exhausted; and a heart, whose wounds could not be bound up, for it was crushed, and bled inwardly. But I forbear. In a grove of oranges, at Frontier, stand two marble monuments; and the last tear I shed in my country, fell upon the grave of Harriet Gladding.

S. H.

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*“I WOULD NOT LIVE ALWAYS.”*

Weep not that death draws nigh!  
Oh! the spirit is faint with its feverish strife,  
And waits for the fall of the twilight of life,  
With joy in its upward eye.  
  
Earth is its rayless cell—  
But then, as a bird soars home to the shade  
Of the beautiful wood, where its nest was made,  
In bonds no more to dwell;—

So will its weary wing  
Be spread for the skies when its toil is done—  
And its breath flow free, as a bird's, in the sun  
And the soft, fresh gales of spring.

Oh! not more sweet the tears  
Of the dewy eve on the violet shed,  
Than the dews of age on the ' hoary head,'  
When it enters the eve of years.

Nor dearer mid the foam  
Of the far-off sea, and its stormy roar,  
Is a breath of balm from the unseen shore,  
To him that weeps for home.

*Bangor.*

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TRAVELS IN THE NORTH OF GERMANY, IN THE YEARS 1825 AND 1826.

By *Henry E. Dwight, A. M.* New-York: G. & C. & H. Car-vill. 1829. pp. 454.

THERE are few tasks which require such varied talent and accomplishment as first rate travel-writing. This peculiar department of the craft of letters has been so overrun and attempted by all sorts of locomotive people, that its original and proper standard has in a measure become debased. The interest we feel, not only in the chance information which any traveller may gather by mere contact with another nation, but always in that species of personal adventure which has the semblance of truth in proportion to the simplicity and want of refinement with which it is told, reconciles us to anything in the shape of a book of travels ; and in this way, many narratives have sold largely, and become, to a degree, authentic references, whose authors are about as worthy of credit, and as limited in their knowledge, as a near-sighted soldier on a field of battle. We have only to imagine the author a stranger in our own country and our own city, to understand the qualifications necessary to acquire liberal information. There are as many different topics upon which investigation would be useful and interesting, as there are classes in society, or extended pursuits. He should be a scholar, to gain admittance to the haunts of literature, and appreciate its state of advancement. He should be a practical man, of sufficient general knowledge to compare the agriculture and rude arts of the country with his own ; a connoisseur, to estimate its pro-

gress in works of taste; a good observer, to judge of general manners, and separate national from individual peculiarities; a man of liberal and unprejudiced mind, to see and represent with fairness; and, above all, a gentleman, and of good address, to gain admittance to society, and form a fair opinion of its refinement and general tone.

With such a standard, it is not remarkable that a first rate book of travels is a rare thing. We know of no such by a stranger upon our own country, and but one among those of our own countrymen. Cooper's "Bachelor" is generally, we think, an enlightened and candid portrait of us, though we might concede to its objectors that it gives our best look. We have had but few Englishmen among us capable of appreciating either our manners or institutions, and never yet an author of an English book with any approach to candor. Most of those we see are entitled to anything but a place in society. We are willing to allow to England a superior degree of general refinement in manners and breeding;—but, in doing so, we condemn ninety-nine out of a hundred of those who come among us. Our own gentlemen, in the mass, are infinitely better bred, and better educated; and the exceptions to this remark, for the last six years, may be reckoned upon our fingers. We really believe the higher class of English gentlemen (the French obsequious politeness notwithstanding) to be the best bred class of men in the world; but, with the half dozen exceptions now within our recollection, the representatives of that country who have been among us, are, of all strangers, the most illiberal and ignorant of the common forms of society. Captain Hall has had, perhaps, the fairest opportunity of seeing us as we are. He was received into the very bosom of every polite circle in the United States. He was admitted to every institution, and furnished with every information necessary and desirable. He was treated with a hospitable and generous attention, which, if gratitude could do it, would blind his eyes even to our defects; but we shall be very—very wide of our mark, if his forth-coming book of travels do not prove the most specious and crafty injustice ever done our infant republic. He is not, if his deportment in this country is any criterion, the man to see anything without prejudice. His breeding upon the quarter-deck has brought with it none of the professional candor. He is, if we have not totally mistaken his character, a cold, shrewd, conceited man—brave, doubtless, and a good seaman—but no more fitted to judge of the refinements of society, and no more ready to suffer America to compare, however the truth may be, with England, than the bravest and dullest

main-top-man who still turns his quid with a curse upon "Yankee lubbers." We have no personal or national animosities against Englishmen. We have seen and known from that country some of the most enlightened and polished men it has been our happiness to meet—but the inducements to travel in this country are of so little force with our misrepresented character abroad, that it is rare for any other inducement than gain that we are visited; and we are, of course, overrun by English clerks and factors, men who are distinct from every other class in the world for their entire confinement to their own business and branch of business, and who, lifted, they scarce know how, to a sudden consideration as strangers, assume a rank they never pretended to in their own country, and give our honest citizens sufficiently edifying specimens of high life in England.

We have digressed somewhat from our original subject, but the impatience shewn by many who did not personally know the author, for the book of Captain Hall, and the general falsification of English travellers, have made us somewhat testy whenever the subject approaches us, and we beg indulgence. We have no fear for the effect of the books of ordinary travellers. But the representations of an officer high in the British service, and the author of a previous book, which has obtained some credit, will be believed by all who are not enlightened upon the character of the writer.

To return to our first topic. In a book of travels, it is not enough to have accurate information merely. The measurements of churches and ruins, the population, size, and external features of cities, the extent of libraries and the progress of the Arts are all well in their places, though too great minuteness in these things is a common and wearisome fault. The feeling toward the author of a personal narrative, is somewhat peculiar. Our feelings are interested for himself. We read his book as if we knew him and was listening to a friend's description. We enter at once into his sympathies. We like those who impress him favorably, and dislike those who are rude or disagreeable to him. We are as interested for the favorable conclusion of an adventure as himself, and adopt his partialities and his aversions, both personal and local, with readiness and ardor. These feelings have, or ought to have, a natural bearing on the style of such books. They should be written in such a manner as to engage and interest these kindly sympathies. The author should not confine himself to things about him. He should give us the impressions they make upon himself. We are with him there, by the old ruin or in the mighty cathedral, and we would have him tell us his sensations, and

describe the influences that affect a stranger standing for the first time there. We go out with him among the people of a strange nation, and we wish to know, not what their costume or their features are, so much as how they looked to his eye, and what thoughts were stirred in his heart, by their curious fashion, and dissimilarity to his own. We accompany him to the mountain-top, and descend with him into the valley, and stand with him by the stupendous chasm, or precipice, or fall, and we want to know, not so much the measurement of their heights, or the manner of their form, as the melancholy, or the surprise, or the awe, with which he was affected while gazing on them. The pleasure of reading travels, we take it, is not to store up a mass of foreign localities and dimensions, for, aside from the natural distaste for such dry acquisition, it is extremely difficult of retention; but it is to be so carried into the country described, by the author's vividness of description, and power of familiarizing it to our imagination, that we conceive ourselves there, and experience all the natural sensations of surprise and strangeness. It is only thus that we can realize description with sufficient power to retain it. A book without this quality gives us the same idea of a country that a skeleton does of a human figure, or a chalk outline of a landscape in June. A book *with* this quality in any perfection is as rare as it is delightful, and such a book, we rejoice to say, is the one before us.

Mr. Dwight went abroad with every advantage. He is the son of the late President Dwight—perhaps the only American theologist who has obtained a wide reputation abroad—and, by the law of all foreign society, was entitled, from this circumstance, to a reception which few distinctions attainable by a young American could have won. He was at an age when the equipoise was just settling between the ardor of youth and the judgment of manhood—and of course open to every fine influence, at the same time that he was not liable to be misled by a false enthusiasm; and his education, as was natural from the singular good sense and practical character of his father, had been far more constant and well directed than is usual in our country. With these advantages, and personal qualities of the most winning character, he could not fail to travel to manifest advantage, and his book is a sufficient evidence of his improvement of it.

We limit ourselves very unwillingly in our extracts. It is difficult to make them at all. Passing over much that is interesting, we select a passage which shows the vein of freshness and familiarity of which we have been speaking.

"I never realized, until after my arrival here, the superior enjoyment of an American to that of a European, when visiting these monuments of a distant age. The latter is familiar with castled scenery from his infancy, their images having been impressed upon his eye, long before he knew by whom they were erected. He first views them as walls of stone, but why they were elevated thus he knows and cares not. He never walks or rides, without seeing them crowning the neighboring hills ; and from long familiarity, he in time regards them with as much indifference as the rocks that lie beneath them. Even when more advanced in age, and after he has become acquainted with the history of the Barons who attacked and defended them with so much valor, he finds it difficult to behold them with any romantic feeling. Although his mind may be excited when he reads of their prowess, it is still difficult for him to identify his feelings with objects which have been familiar to him from his earliest recollections. The emotions of an American, however, are of a more vivid kind ; in the brightest days of his boyhood, he became familiar with the stories of gallant knights, drawing their swords in defence of helpless beauty ; he then dwelt with delight and admiration on the valor of the conqueror, and drew, with the colors of imagination, towers and battlements, until every idea associated with these scenes became dear to his mind. With recollections abounding in legend and chivalry he visits Europe, and beholds those objects which he had so long desired to see, and around which his imagination had so long delighted to rove. He views them not as ruins of what they have been, but he is transported back to the period when they were in their glory. His imagination soon restores the towers and walls which time had levelled, peoples the castle with its chieftain and his band, and stores its saloons with helmets, swords, and bucklers, the trophies of their valor. Such were my own feelings nearly two years since, when first viewing one of these ruins, and notwithstanding I have seen more than two hundred since my arrival, I cannot now look at them without feeling a new impulse given to my blood, when stopping to gaze upon their crumbling walls, or standing on their lofty towers." pp. 16, 17.

And again :—

"I know of no solitude, excepting the pathless forests of the Western States, that is more powerful on the heart, than that felt by an American, ignorant of the languages of the continent, on his first arrival in a European metropolis. Every house, street, face, the costume of the inhabitants, the geography of the city, in one word, everything, is unlike anything he has seen or heard before. He sallies forth, and no eyes but those of the coachman, shoebblack, or beggar, or some one of the legal or illegal class of pickpockets, regard him. He sees endless currents of bodies moving in a thousand different eddies, hears the rattling of a hundred wheels, mingling with the confused sounds of an unknown language, coming from criers of every age, costume, and deformity. He rambles without any definite object, turns corner after corner without knowing why, loses his way, and then finds that he is too ignorant of the language to ask for it. If he is fortunate enough to recollect the name of his hotel, he stops and looks for a long time at the streams of moving bodies that are rapidly passing by him, to select some one of whom to inquire his way. Having discovered an individual moving less rapidly than most of those in view, he puts on a bold face, and touching his hat as an apology for the interruption, he repeats the name of his hotel. He now finds that he has fallen into a new dilemma, for his pronunciation is so different from that of the native, that the latter does not understand the drift of his inquiry. He makes a reply, but the former is equally in the dark ; for he mistakes the 'What did you say?' "I do not understand you, sir," of the former, for a direction. Having met with such indifferent success, he concludes to thank him, and again touching his hat, passes on, with the hope of soon meeting some one, to whom his vernacular is familiar. Keeping his eyes fixed on the moving crowd, he at last selects one who has the look of a student, and puts the same question in his own language. The stranger not understanding him, addresses him with *parlez vous Francais* ; the traveller shakes his head : *Sprechen Sie Deutsch* ; another shake of the head : *Parla lei Italiano* ; the head again moves horizontally. He then asks him what language he does speak ; whether he is a Pole, Russian, Spaniard, or Englishman.

The last word brings forth a reply ; "I speak English." With a bow he answers, *Je ne puis pas speak la langue Anglaise*, and he proceeds on his course. Resolved to make one more effort, he stops a third time, tries again to repeat the name of his hotel, or commences a language of signs, in which he is equally unsuccessful. Then luckily recollecting that he has a pencil in his pocket, he writes down the name of the hotel, as he thinks it is spelt. Here adapting the orthography to that of his own language, the stranger is equally in the dark. Eventually guessing out his dilemma, he repeats the names of different hotels, until he mentions the one he has so long been searching for. An affirmative nod of the traveller informs him that that is the object of his inquiry. He accordingly tells him by signs and words, to turn down one street, up another, cross a third, and then take the first left hand. Should he not mistake the word left for right, he eventually arrives at the place of his destination ; wondering how he could ever have thought of travelling in a foreign country, without having first learned the language, and lamenting *ab imo pectore*, that the idea of the erection of the tower of Babel ever entered the mind of man." pp. 38, 39.

The book abounds in passages of this description, and a delightful feature it is. We pass over many interesting topics, among which are a valuable account of German libraries, an enthusiastic and tasteful chapter on music, and an account of the university "duello," which has been extensively copied in the daily prints, and come to the following observing comparison of German and French character.

"The Germans are a people of intense feeling ; inferior in this respect to no other nation of Europe. But their passion is too profound to be easily agitated by external objects. A high excitement is necessary to affect their hearts, so that the countenance shall become an index of their feelings. This apparent want of susceptibility to all the objects of sense, except music, is visible everywhere. The clergyman, the soldier, the man of fashion, the player, and the mademoiselle, in their manner, motions, mode of utterance and conversation, all remind you that you have passed the Rhine, and have left behind you the land of *naïvete*. The countenance partakes also of this want of animation. While the face of a Parisian will glow at the description of a new fashion or opera, or of the new carriage of the king, that of a German would be scarcely as animated were he to hear of the revolution of a nation, unless he held a large amount in the public funds. Although the remark may be generally true, that where there is feeling or intellect it will be visible in the countenance, it certainly is not applicable to the Germans. Their faces are the least expressive of any nation in Europe, and even when deeply interested in conversation, their countenances are not indices of their minds or their hearts. A French savant derives many of his thoughts through the medium of external objects. Everything which passes before him is observed ; a German lives more in ages which have passed away, or in countries far removed by place and character from his own. The former passes a part of his time in society, at the theatre, in the public promenades ; the latter lives in his closet, in ruminating upon distant ages, or upon the imaginary world which he has created. One, who passes every twelve hours out of twenty-four in tracing ancient and modern languages to their sources, or in studying everything connected with the antiquities, mythology, philosophy, &c. of other nations, will be unfitted to derive much enjoyment from the present, or to add much to the general charms of society. Accordingly, you rarely find the German literati excelling in conversation. In this respect, both themselves and the citizens at large, are inferior to us, and much so to the French. Many of the Parisian bourgeois will converse eloquently on the knot or color of a cravat, will describe in a most graphic manner a lady's dress, or a promenade in the Tuileries or Luxembourg ; and while they may not convey one interesting thought, will throw around the description an animation and a sprightliness that will make you listen with pleasure, and with admiration of their colloquial powers. Their countenances in the meantime will display every degree of light and shade, in proportion to the pleasure,

sure or disgust felt in witnessing the objects they describe. To make the picture more distinct, their hands and arms are thrown into a great variety of gestures, of grace and elegance; all of which are like fine accentuation in the mouth of the orator.

"A German when describing the same objects will often become embarrassed, will place his body in an awkward position, and most of the time will have his eyes on the floor. Before he has finished his description, he will probably make several long pauses in his conversation, and apparently hesitate whether to stop or to proceed. The Parisian is so accustomed to conversation from his childhood, that he does it with the same ease and adroitness as a soldier performs his drill, and so early does he discover that grace is indispensable to his reputation, and indeed to his being endured in society, that it soon becomes a part of his being, and he rarely, if ever, suffers from embarrassment. In truth, awkwardness is almost unknown in France. Even the postillion salutes the peasants and village girls (who stop their labor in the fields or put their heads out of the window, as soon as the crack of his whip announces his approach,) with a touch of his hat *a la mode Parissienne*, while in the class above him, there is an interchange of as many bows, civilities, and courtesies, as among the highest classes of society in other countries. In France every one is perfectly acquainted with etiquette. In whatever situation a Frenchman is placed, he feels free from embarrassment, and has the full command of all his powers. This perfect self-possession is one of the principal reasons why they excel all other nations in conversation, and why every one of them amuses if he does not interest." pp. 162—164.

We must make a very long extract from Mr. Dwight's account of the professors of the German universities, and the comparison with our own. Humiliating as the comparison is, it is obviously a fair one, and may be useful.

"With us, as in Germany, the professors are chosen for life, but here the resemblance ceases. In the United States we give them a sufficient salary to enable them to live pleasantly; and when once chosen, they realize that their fortune is made, that they have reached the ultimatum of ascent. Here they receive only half a subsistence for themselves and families; and whether they acquire the other half or not depends entirely upon their own efforts. They perfectly understand, that nothing but a reputation for talents and attainments will fill their lecture rooms, and that to acquire this fame the most indefatigable application and industry are necessary. Every department has its four or six professors and teachers, who deliver lectures on subjects so nearly similar that a constant rivalry is produced. For example, to a student pursuing Greek literature, it is of very little importance whether he reads Sophocles or Euripides, but it is very necessary that the professor whose lectures he attends should be thoroughly acquainted with the author he attempts to explain. These gentlemen perfectly understand, as well as the stage and steamboat proprietors of our country, that if they are negligent they will be deserted. This is not a little increased by the division into ordinary and extraordinary professors and teachers. The latter class, who are paid nothing by the government, but are only permitted to deliver lectures, receive a Frederick d'or from each of the pupils, and are almost universally stimulated by necessity. Besides this, they feel all the ardor of youth, and the consequent longing for reputation. To acquire subsistence and fame, they make unwearyed exertions. Before them they see the extraordinary professors, whose title in the eyes of the students gives them a prior claim; and to overtake them in the race they strain every nerve. The extraordinary professors see below them a number of young men, putting forth all their energy, while above them they behold the ordinary professors who have reached the highest point of ascent. This class are placed under the influence of two most powerful stimulants, the fear of being overtaken by the teachers, and the desire of surpassing the ordinary professors. The ordinary professors see below them two classes, at different distances, rapidly rising towards them, often almost treading upon their heels, and not unfrequently taking the lead in the number of their auditors, as well as in

reputation. Under such a stimulus, they very rarely fall asleep, or relax their efforts, until age or debility arrives.

"This continued strife has the happiest effect on the literature of this country, and in this respect, the German universities are better organized than any others in Europe. It is folly to suppose, that the mere influence of principle will induce most professors who do not feel great enthusiasm in their departments, to make the necessary efforts to arrive at excellence. They will often find bad weather in winter, and real or imaginary debility the rest of the year, an excuse for relaxation or indolence.

"American professors are usually stationary from forty-five to fifty years of age, until their decease; or, to indulge the utmost charity, they advance very little after that period; here, they are continually acquiring fame by new attainments, and they are rarely unoccupied, even at seventy.

"In the United States, the professors usually write but one course of lectures, which is delivered from year to year, until it loses with even themselves half its interest, from its monotony; here, there are very few who do not deliver two, three, and even four courses on different branches of their profession at the same time, which occupy them as many hours during three, four, and even five days of the week. With us, a professor is usually chosen at a very early period of life, and long before his attainments have qualified him for his station, with the hope that his talents and industry will justify the appointment. If, as is sometimes the case, they are chosen at a more advanced age, they are selected from one of the professions, in which they have been so long occupied, that they have had but little time to devote to anything but the practical part of it. This is particularly true of theology and medicine, and is almost equally so in the department of law. Though they make very good clergymen, lawyers, and physicians, very few of them, however distinguished are their talents, make able professors. A man designed for such a station, like an officer in the army, should be educated for his profession, and should go through all the gradations of ascent, until he arrives at the highest chair of instruction. It is almost as unsafe to choose a professor of theology, of law, or of medicine, because the person chosen was a good preacher, lawyer, or physician, as it would be to elevate a common soldier to the rank of general, because he performed his drill with great precision. The one requires as long a course of study and of diligent application as the other. Happily for Germany, a very different course is pursued here. Before an individual can reach the humble station of teacher, he must exhibit fine talents, and an amount of learning which few of our professors possess. In this station he remains a long time, and years must roll away, unless his attainments are very uncommon, before he is raised to the extraordinary chair. Previous to this elevation, he passes six, eight, ten, and sometimes fifteen years, in the most diligent research, relying entirely upon his own efforts for success.

"When a professor at length takes the first ascending step, he is not considered qualified to receive the compensation or title of an ordinary professor. Here he remains many years, dependent upon the three or four hundred dollars that he receives from government and on the fees of his lectures for subsistence, until he shows the same decided superiority over his brethren of the same class that he did when, as a teacher, he was called to the extraordinary chair. Even this is not enough. The German universities are all rival institutions, and the custom is universal of appointing those who fill the prominent places in any one of them to a similar place in another. To induce them to leave the chairs which they occupy, large pecuniary offers are made, and to these are not unfrequently added titles and decorations. The government of the university are thus under the necessity of retaining them by similar offers, or of seeing many of the students following the professor to a neighboring institution. Learning and talent are thus thrown into the market, and become as much an article of commerce as any branch of manufactures. They are usually struck off to the highest bidder, unless the peculiar excellence of the library, as at Gottingen, or of the hospitals, as at Berlin, should induce the individual to make a pecuniary sacrifice for the sake of the greater facilities which his actual situation affords for arriving at eminence." pp. 178—181.

We have exceeded our limits, but we will take one more passage, to show the poetical cast of the author's mind, and give at the same time a specimen of his style.

"The peculiar charm of an Italian landscape, however, is felt when the sun is approaching the horizon. Our evenings are often intensely beautiful, from the piles of clouds which the sun draws around him, and which he often lights up with a radiance, which an Englishman might almost mistake for a view of a brighter world. Near the Alps, at Venice for example, when the sun retires behind the Friuli mountains, he veils his dying glories with clouds of as gorgeous a coloring, as are seen with us. When no summit is near to attract them, the sun of Italy rarely sets in glory, as it usually disappears without a cloud to reflect its beams. But in the rich tints which are thrown over the landscape, he fully compensates the Italians for the loss of our brilliant sunsets. About half an hour before the sun reaches the horizon, a flood of golden light is shed on every object. This soon assumes a rosy tint, like the light blush on a maiden's cheek, when it soon changes to a deeper and deeper red. A purple of exquisite softness gradually succeeds it, its hue soon changing to one of a more intense beauty, which, floating over the landscape, transforms every object to this loveliest of colors. It is at this time that the bay of Naples is seen in all its glory. At this hour the range which bounds it, and Vesuvius, the *beau ideal* of mountains, are melted down into a softness which is indescribable. Long after the bay is shaded by the hills of Baiæ and Ischia, this purple light floats from the sides and summits of the opposite mountains, as if the sun was unwilling to leave a scene so lovely."

p. 352.

We think this book calculated to be a standard one on the country which it describes. It is ground which has been well occupied. The two best volumes of modern travels we know have taken it for a theme—"Russell's Tour," and a small but delightful book, "A Ramble in Germany." The latter is full of those delightful, wayside thoughts, which make the author and the reader so intimate, and within a narrow compass comprises a wonderful amount of interest. We have had neither time nor disposition to find fault with Mr. Dwight. Rather than be so unfashionable, however, as to dismiss a book without objection, we will mention the occurrence, here and there, of collegisms like "*quantum suff.*" and "*the stove emitting its caloric*"—blemishes which a less hasty publication would have corrected. The style generally, is singularly pure, and the whole volume leaves upon the mind a relish of scholar-like and racy simplicity.

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#### SUMMER.

LET us go forth, pale student! Nature hath  
Voices for thy worn spirit, and a pulse  
Beating in concord with a weary mind  
O'erspent with its vain toil! Awhile forsake

The lore of bygone intellect—the dreams  
 Of old Pythagoras, and his, who died  
 The martyr to a high philosophy  
 At sunset's quiet hour ! Let us go forth !  
 For by that quivering flush upon thy cheek,  
 I know that thou hast pondered cunningly  
 Upon the old world's wisdom ! 'Tis not well  
 That one who hath a spiritual thirst  
 For that deep fount whose element is mind,  
 Should waste on dogmas of the olden time  
 Life's brief and perishing taper. Let us forth  
 Upon the paths of Nature.

## Sweetly breathes

The noontide winds among the green arcades,  
 Form'd by a master hand. Glad summer's voice  
 Trills in the babbling brooks and in the notes  
 Of twice ten thousand warbling choristers !  
 Look how the grain bends to the breeze's kiss ;  
 And watch the sunlight sparkling thro' the shade  
 Of yon old time-worn wood ! Now mark yon scene !  
*A simple cottage slumbering on the breast  
 Of a green valley, like a pale white cloud  
 Living among the soft blue depths of heaven ! \**  
 List ! on the wind's wing comes the silvery note  
 Of some untutor'd girl, and hear ! tis' mock'd  
 By viewless echo 'mong the distant hills !  
 Look now around, pale scholar ! see the sheaves  
 Piled in the winnowed meadows, and away  
 Over the lovely landscape, mark the girls  
 " Binding the corn ! "

## The twilight hastens on—

Come let us watch from this enamell'd bank  
 For the first star ! Shadows are crowding fast  
 Over the silent valleys, and the birds  
 Fly in strange order towards tomorrow's dawn !  
 Thy cheek, young student, hath a healthier hue—  
 Thy step is more elastic. It were well  
 That thou did'st oftener wander from the crowd,  
 Holding brief commune with the living things  
 That pant in nature's bosom. Time soon steals  
 The polish from young temples. Thou wilt be  
 Too soon among thy fathers, that thy strength  
 Should all be wasted in the mazy paths  
 Leading to wisdom's temple. Live awhile,  
 And gaze among the crowd in thoughtfulness !

\* We cannot help putting this exquisite picture in Italics.

Soon wilt thou then grow weary of the palm,  
And deem its glories idle. I have been  
Long time a delver into hidden mines,  
And find that glory is not happiness,  
Nor wisdom, as the world unravels it,  
The food for peace!

R. M.

*Philadelphia.*

## LOOSE THOUGHTS ON BIOGRAPHY.

Ex vitio alterius sapiens emendat suum. PUBLIUS SYRUS.

MORAL maxims present to the mind in a condensed form a vast amount of practical wisdom. They are general rules for the regulation of moral conduct, derived from a cautious examination and comparison of the results of different dispositions of events, and the tendencies of dissimilar principles of action. They are an epitome of the knowledge, which the uniform experience of ages has collected, and which, after diligent sifting, has been universally adopted as unquestionable truth, and left on register for our improvement. But they possess little efficiency—do not exert that controlling agency over the tenor of our lives, which they ought to exercise, and without which they are to us unmeaning hieroglyphics. For though their intrinsic value, and the authority by which they are recommended, give them strong claims on our attention, they are seldom understood, or if the abstract proposition be assented to, are seldom appreciated; and this intrinsic value is immense, for they touch our daily interests, claim the right of governing those feelings which are daily brought into action, and come to us in a shape which renders their application easy and indubious; and their authority is high, for the unvarying experience of all ages attests their correctness, and amid the endless and numberless disputes respecting the nature of virtue and the foundation of moral distinctions, these only remain inharmed and unquestioned. We are taught them from our childhood, and grow up in the belief of them, and when they come before the mind, assent without hesitation, and almost without reflection to their truth, and go away and forget them. The proposition for example, that ‘honesty is the best policy,’ as it is evidenced by the observation of every man, and strictly logical inference from it is on all hands acknowledged to be true. But how few model their conduct on this principle. How few are there I mean, who maintain that severe integrity which shrinks more from the falsehood than from the impu-

tation of it, which will not suffer itself to be seduced to the smallest deviation, by any prospects of emolument. And yet, where do we hear more frequently the above mentioned maxim than from those who sometimes make a compromise between duty and interest, and smother, for the sake of gain, the expostulating voice of conscience? The fact is that general principles seldom fasten on the mind, and become a part of our habitual train of thought, and incorporate themselves with our modes of action. Were this the case they would possess a mighty efficiency, and impart their complexion to our whole character. Now let these same truths be presented to us in a visible and palpable form; let them come in the shape of actions, and they acquire a mysterious and unfailing virtue; otherwise they would float in the mind inert and useless; but now they bring with them a vivid apprehension, and solemn and permanent conviction of their reality and importance, and operate with unwonted energy and effect.

In analyzing the two processes generated by truths in their abstract form, and when bodied forth in action, we notice this distinction. In the former case our conceptions are vague and confused; in the latter definite and vivid. This dimness of our conceptions results from the generality which is the essence of moral maxims. To this distinction we are disposed to refer the difference of effect produced by the two modes of contemplating truth. For we have observed that the man whose conduct is characterised by scrupulous rectitude and resolute consistency, usually possesses a clear and nicely discriminating perception of moral distinctions; while he whose course is marked by an unstable regard to truth and virtue, or a uniform neglect of the distinction, lives in a circle of perpetual moral occultation.

From these remarks we might infer the necessity of caution in the selection of associates; but the topic is too hackneyed, and the propriety of such a course too devious. We might also infer the necessity of caution in the selection of books. Apart from incidental remarks, which we may convert into means of self improvement, and apart from the knowledge we derive from its perusal, we find on laying down a volume, that a general impression remains on our minds, a new direction is given to our thoughts, or a new current of feeling is set in motion—an effect very analogous to that produced by our companions. None but base passions can be brought into action by the perusal of a work saturated or tinctured with pollution; while high and fervent aspirations after moral perfectness, are the result of an intimate communion with those ethereal spirits, who seem to belong to a higher order of intelligences, and who sometimes deign to visit our world on a holy errand of love and mercy to lift our thoughts above the din, and vain imaginings of earth, to

the contemplation of rich and ravishing and enduring realities. An intimacy with the writings of such men, produces not only a purification and elevation of our moral nature, but exalts and enlightens our reason. Our moral tendencies twine about our reason, and impede its operations and distort its conclusions ; and the prejudices which these propensities almost necessarily engender discolor the objects of our reasonings and infect our reasonings themselves. But this moral exorcism—this casting out of the spirits of darkness within us, clears away the mistiness that clouded our intellectual vision, and confers a wider range, and stronger grasp, and keener subtilty of thought. From the perusal of many works we derive only an accession of knowledge ; the intellectual man grows like a crystal, by accretion. But such writings impart power. They go down into the secret chambers of the soul, and with mysterious incantations, break the spell that benumbed and ‘prisoned up’ its glorious faculties, and bid it put on its native panoply, and gird itself for the stern conflict. Some leave us in a state of sickly languishment. Some beckon us to untried and forbidden tracts, and leave us on the threshold, with no torch of evidence to guide us in our wanderings.

But we would confine our attention to the utility of a judicious selection of bicographies. The doctrine we have endeavored to establish teaches the inefficacy of moral essays. Though this seems to us, a legitimate consequence, we would not interdict nor censure them. We believe them important auxiliaries to the cause of truth and virtue. For we deem it of the highest moment that the boundaries of right and wrong be clearly and definitively settled. The correctness of our conduct depends on the accuracy of our moral judgment, and if this judgment be not truly informed, there is an end of all propriety of action. Then we shall push our prejudices or first-formed and favorite notions too far ; and shall narrow or widen the field of virtuous feeling.

The portraiture of a quality then, though it may illumine our reason—may teach us where to go, does not possess intrinsically a renovating virtue—cannot stir up the deep feelings of the heart. Tell an unlettered man of the pleasure of philosophical investigation, of the rapture experienced on the discovery of a new train of reasoning or the developement of a new truth, and perchance he will be led to seek the enjoyment ; but it will be the result of his confidence in your testimony, not of an appreciation of the delight you have described. But place in the hands of a youthful student, who can see nothing but barrenness in scientific pursuits, who manifests not (as in the other case supposed) an indifference merely, but a positive aversion to study—place in the hands of such an one, the memoirs of Milton, or Parr, or Jones, or White, the self devoted martyr of science ; however listless he may be, the nature of the

subject will attract him, and as he goes on, he will note with the most intense interest, his hero's course, from the lispings of infancy to the expanding views of youth, and the profound erudition of manhood. As he enters their study and marks their self denying zeal, their nightly watchings, never tedious though they weary out the stars, their years of unremitting yet untiring worship at 'the shrine of wooing lore,' he will see more clearly and feel more deeply, that there is joy, deep, absorbing, pangless joy, in 'beholding the bright countenance of truth in the quiet and still air of delightful studies.' New principles will be called out. He will perceive the vastness of their attainments, and viewing in their light his own deficiencies, will be mortified by the humiliating contrast. He will see too that those attainments gave them a command over the opinions of men, and gained them an imperishable name ; and the conviction of these truths will sound a loud appeal to his love of praise and power.

But the influence of biography as a stimulant to exertion does not constitute its sole importance. It not only gives us an onward movement—creates or revives a desire of higher attainments, but guides the motion—furnishes means for the gratification of that desire. It brings an individual before us, not only in his hours of joyance and inspiration, in the elation of hope and the exultation of victory ; but also in the darkness of his soul, when he is stung by disappointment, crushed by despondency, and worn down by the agony of inward or outward conflict. We are admitted to the *adyta* of his feelings, and watch the flux and reflux of his opinions, the strong or feeble pulses of his passions. We find him at one time cautiously analyzing his thoughts and emotions, the philosopher and the moralist. Again we see him yielding to the impulses of a wayward nature, seduced, and prostrate. Again, we see him losing sight of lesser objects, fasten his eye on some bright spot in the dim future, and sinewed by the eagerness of desire, and spurred on by the incitements of hope, stretch forward ; every muscle tense, every nerve strung, and as he nears the goal, we see the restlessness of almost satisfied wishes, and at last, the gladness of consummated expectations. In this we conceive lies mainly the practical superiority of biography over history. The historian presents us with only a tissue of heroic achievements or isolated exhibitions of magnanimity. These standing as they usually do, disconnected from their causes, are generally regarded as manifestations of superhuman power, which a peculiar combination of circumstances only can create, and which no other combination of circumstances can require. A great mind will seize upon these moral phenomena, and set them up as models. But a mind of ordinary dimensions demands that the whole machinery be developed, the internal workings of the soul, thoughts, emotions, habits, and principles of action. Biography meets and answers this

demand. History we are told, is ‘philosophy teaching by example,’ and the remark is true. But it teaches on too great a scale. It teaches us to regulate the affairs of nations—to govern others, rather than ourselves. It is chiefly occupied in the narration of events. It sketches character by a few rough strokes, and seldom descends to that nicer pencilling which we most need. Biography shows a panoramic view of the inner man—the budding and blossoming and maturation of the intellect, the dawn of the moral being, with its mild and delicate beauty and its noontide, with its severer graces and austere majesty.

In contemplating the character of an acquaintance, we are often constrained by our prejudices to palliate his foibles and even vices, or are induced by some hastily conceived disgust, to undervalue his excellencies; and by the subtle but resistless power of association, are compelled ever after to hold them in disesteem when found in others. But when we look upon a character displayed in a biography we look through no distorting and discoloring prism. We examine it dispassionately, analyze its features one by one, balance its excellencies and defects and suspend our admiration till reason has given her decision. This is the method of perusing character, by which only, we can be permanently benefited. When qualities are exhibited in our presence, we are impelled to their adoption or rejection, partly by prejudice and partly by an instinctive propensity to imitation. But when exhibited by persons with whom we have no immediate connexion, while by awakening our attention and engaging our sympathies, they possess all the efficiency of those which fall under our personal inspection, they have this advantage—they give us an opportunity to subject them to the test of reflection and experience, before we decide to transfer them to ourselves.

There is need of caution in the selection of biographies. For there are characters which ought never to be described, masses of putrefaction, from which steams up a loathsome smell of rottenness; and there are biographies, which, while in the estimation of discerning men, they have consigned the authors and subjects of them to everlasting contempt, have spread far and wide the defilement of error and the contagion of example. It would seem, that we could never embrace a corpse swollen and blackened by decay, whatever might be its adornments. But alas! there are passions in our nature which such revolting scenes may inflame, and their disguise, though thin, often cheats the unpractised eye of the hidden foulness, till the infection has been communicated. The lives of ordinary men present little that is interesting except to those who know them intimately. The biography of one is the biography of millions. It is true, that there is in the character of such men much that is worthy of imitation. It is true also, that in our pursuit of what is grand or

splendid in intellect or morals, we should not lose sight of the less dazzling, less obtrusive accomplishments, which charm us in the daily intercourse of life, and which are essential to the entireness, and constitute the finish of character. But minor virtues meet us in every corner of society. We need not have recourse to books to find them. But those sublime intelligences whose characters attract an intense, absorbing admiration, are beings of rare occurrence. Like the companionless eagle, each inhabits a solitary eyrie. Sometimes they are like stars radiating from their measureless distance above us, the light of wisdom and virtue, and moving on, harmonious and joyous, in their appointed and glorious orbits. Sometimes they come among us like comets—eccentric in their direction and ominous in their appearance—eccentric, for they stray from the ordinary sphere of human action, and wander on darkly and cheerlessly, in the dreariness of their chosen circuit—ominous, for they are sent in wrath, fiery, desolating plagues, that dry up the well springs of joy, and scorch and wither all life and beauty. It is from the exhibition of such characters that we expect the most extensive and permanent results. There is a persuasiveness in the example of such a man as Howard, an incitement to high and determined action which we could not, if we would, resist; and thousands, we doubt not, misled by an imagined excellence and greatness in the character of such a man as Napoleon, have wantonly sundered their strongest sympathies, and crushed their tenderest affections. But the most exalted are never free from the leaven of human frailty. Hence we learn that the ascent to virtue is steep and toilsome, and that dauntless resolves and tireless perseverance are necessary for its attainment; and we learn too that the prize which shines at the termination of the journey, and sheds its light along the rugged pathway, is a rich recompense for every effort and every sacrifice. The darkest depravity too is always relieved by some bright trace, some ennobling feature. Here lies the danger. Could we find a being, whose life was a continuous expression of unholy passions, who had disrobed himself of all that distinguishes men from demons, and seemingly entered into a dark covenant with infernal agencies, we imagine that we should regard him with a feeling of unmixed scorn. But he has not cut himself loose from our sympathies, though he has renounced all title to affections. There is a grandeur in the fierce and the unrelenting consistency of his determination, in his utter disregard of lesser motives, in his callousness to ordinary inflictions, in his stern and proud defiance of the powers of goodness, that compels admiration and almost reconciles us to his enormities. There is a moral miasma rising from this association of rare virtues and vices almost too rare to be perceptible, which may generate remediless disease. Caution may prevent it; but we are too often

heedless, and catch the disorder, while we are admiring its marble paleness or hectic flushings. We often find qualities which are vices only when in excess, to which, the world through an excess of charity, a generous though unjust feeling, has given names that are calculated to mislead the unwary reader. Wastefulness is denominated generosity, levity and wassailing, spirit, and sometimes real crimes are overlooked as the effervescence of youth. These names are dangerous. They have a serpent's venom, with his beauty and power to beguile. That these errors are not exposed is the fault of the biographer. It cannot be justly charged on biography. He should delineate the character as it is, with all its lights and shades. But he need not become the pander of sin by veiling its hideousness. He should take a microscopic survey of the character he designs to portray, and transfer to his canvass a faithful likeness; every feature should wear its native complexion, and stand out in its original relief. A bird's eye view is not enough. We wish to be admitted to the cabinet of the soul and witness the deliberations, adjustment of plans, the mode of disciplining the intellectual forces, and marshalling them for combat; and after to go out to see the triumph or discomfiture of this mighty array of preparation. We love to stand behind the scenes, and see the springs and trap doors—the process of the exhibition that had amused or terrified us. Hence we set high value on autobiography. We love to watch the movements of the mind in the heyday of youth, to trace in its pastimes indications of future greatness, and follow from its origin in some casual remark or almost unnoticed incident, through every stage of its développement to its consummation, the masterpiece of a giant intellect. We can often discern, or think we can through these expressions of unaffected feeling and unconcealed tendencies, in the boy, the star that is to rule the destiny of the man. We catch a glimpse of the spirit of poesy, in his lovely companionship with nature, in his quick perception of her numberless forms of beauty, in his passionate devotedness, in his keen sensibility, and in the free goings out of his affections. We see the future chieftain in the rough arbiter of youthful disputes, and the future philosopher in the boyish sceptic. We love to sit down with the author, as with a familiar friend and have our sympathies drawn out and our love won by his recital. It is thus that we peruse with thrilling interest Cowper's Memoir of himself—the record of his strangely fitful emotions, his feverish fluctuations, his sudden transitions from the bright sunlight of unclouded reason, to the fearful gloom of insanity. We go out with him in his solitary walks, and when he rejoices in the kindness of nature's influences, the 'soft south' breathes on us with a gentler impulse, the skies wear a livery of deeper azure, and the lark sings a more joyous hymn. We accompany him in his retirement, and in his dejection we are deject-

ed, and can find a solace in nursing with him his leverets. We would rather read the treatise of Marcus Antoninus ‘of the things that concern himself,’ we would rather rescue from oblivion, the diary of Sir Samuel Romilly or the remnants of the ‘Remembrances of Whitelocke,’ than many a forgotten classic. And when in the works of a great man, who has left us no other memoir of himself, we discern here and there glimpses of his life, we cannot but regard them as rough sketches by a master’s hand, his favorite ideal, and prize them among his most valuable relics. Such are Milton’s disclosures of his feelings and purposes in the preface to the second book of ‘Reason of church government,’ his debates and expostulations with himself, when he conceived that ‘God commands to take the trumpet and blow a dolorous, or a jarring blast.’ The account of his studies, too, in the introduction to his ‘Apology for Smectymnuus.’ ‘I betook me,’ says he, ‘among those lofty fables and romances, which recount in solemn cantos, the deeds of knighthood founded by our victorious kings, and from hence had in renown over all Christendom. There I read it in the oath of every knight, that he should defend to the expense of his best blood or of his life, if it so beset him, the honor and chastity of virgin or matron; from whence even then I learned what a noble virtue chastity sure must be, to the defence of which so many worthies by such a dear adventure of themselves had sworn.’ \* \* \* ‘So that even those books, which to many others have been the fuel to wantonness and loose living, proved to me so many incitements to the love and steadfast observation of that virtue, which abhors the society of bordelloes.’ We esteem such relics as these, in which the stateliness of the author is put off, and the man shines out, so highly, not so much because the effect they produce is widely diffused, but because it is deep and lasting. If their authors have searched out the laws of the material world, or if they have gone out into the spiritual universe, and brought back a chart of its unexplored regions, their labors are appreciated, for their application is general and easily understood. But in studying these hasty draughts of their feelings and modes of thought and action, we are admitted to a closer fellowship with them, we hear from their own lips a narrative of their journeyings, are stimulated by their success to tread in their footsteps, and are harnessed for the undertaking by their example.

In autobiography we find not only a more minute but a more accurate revelation of the inner man. The biographer is usually compelled by his relation to the subject of his memoir, to give us an outline merely of the character, and that often a faint one. He may tell us that his hero was of a melancholy temperament, and detail its external symptoms. But he cannot paint truly, transient moods of feeling; for he knows them not. He cannot paint the

sudden glow and extinguishment of desire, the growth and decay and almost imperceptible transference of affection, the vehement outbreaking of indignation or remorse curbed and silenced by painful coercion, the stricken hopes long cherished but untold, which induced an unwilling estrangement from his fellows.

But we may be told that the autobiographer has the strongest motives to represent himself in the fairest light, and may therefore be justly suspected of concealing his more odious qualities, and of exaggerating his fair ones. Were the disclosure made to vindicate his character or conduct, we might entertain such an apprehension. But when, as is usually the case, the memoir is but a diary drawn up to determine his progress in mental or moral culture, and intended for his own inspection only, or when it is designed for the gratification of his friends or the instruction of his children, the ground of the objection vanishes, and the suspicion cannot stand. On the other hand, the biographer is also exposed to bribery from prejudice, passion, or interest; and may with equal justice be accused of misrepresenting facts or of misstating them; and if he be not misled by partiality, he is always in danger of being blinded by ignorance, for the documents on which he must rely, are usually the letters and works of the individual whose character he is describing, and his best external testimony is the reports of interested friends or equally interested enemies. Setting then the chances against one another, we find the balance in favor of the man who describes himself. Accordingly we come to the perusal of an ordinary biography with a feeling of distrust—a disposition rigidly to scrutinize the fact narrated, and to give a hesitating assent to the correctness of the representations and inferences. But we sit down to the narration of an autobiographer as to the conversation of a friend whose integrity we cannot question, and whose accuracy we have no reason to impeach; and apart from the minuteness and feelingness of this statement, we find its impressions deepened by our unreserving confidence in his fidelity.

This reasoning may account for the fact, that the characters exhibited in works of fiction possess so little assimilating power. We find in fiction almost everything peculiar to biography, distinctness of outline, minuteness of detail, every trait of character, clothed with all the vividness and reality of action. But between the evidence which accompanies them and that of biography, there is a wide difference. The novelist aims only at verisimilitude in his story and demands of his hearers only a passive acquiescence. He describes a personage which may or may not have existed. His chief solicitude is to make the actions and qualities of this personage harmonize with each other, and correspond to the circumstances in which he is placed. We read a fictitious narrative therefore with

the same feelings with which we witness the personation of a character on the stage. Our judgment is temporarily suspended, and our credulity, our love of the marvellous allowed to govern. We yield ourselves to the full influence of an illusion. We can at any moment recollect ourselves and break the charm, and the spell is effectually broken at the termination of the play, when we are constrained to feel that it was all deception. But biography commands us not by its plausibility, its internal symmetry, for the character of an individual is often a medley of discrepancies strangely but intimately blended; but by an external evidence for the truth of every part, an evidence to which we are compelled to assent. The portion which we may reject for defect of testimony, does not constitute a portion of the biography. Another reason for this difference of effect may be that our relation to every individual of one species induces us to study more closely a veritable narrative than a legend of romance. This bestowal of superior attention on such delineations of character, gives us a more discriminating view of them, and fixes them more firmly in the memory, and thus augments and perpetuates their effect.

The noblest end of biography, and indeed of every kind of writing is the melioration of our moral nature. For our glory consists in the perfection of that, and our happiness mainly depends on it; for sensual pleasures are transient in their duration and by frequent repetition destroy themselves; the delights of fancy are limited in their extent, and unsatisfying; reasoning, though it gives birth to some of our most exquisite gratifications, fatigues and exhausts; and those enjoyments only which result from the exercise and due cultivation of our moral faculties, retain their freshness and grow in intensity forever. Every science may be made to contribute to this end. We said too that the object to which every branch of human knowledge ultimately tends is the science of man, meaning the philosophy of the intellect. These propositions are not at variance. For the laws of mind are ascertained by an inspection of the sciences, since they may be considered as exhibitions of the mode in which men analyze, combine and classify the objects of their thoughts, and these with their collaterals, constitute the science of the intellect. They may be made to conduce to moral improvement, in various ways. They may be made to conduce to this end, through the intimate connexion between our mental and moral constitution, by throwing light upon the powers of the mind, and enabling us to wield them with greater skill and efficiency. The nature of this connexion we cannot now discuss; but our meaning will be apprehended, from the fact that a distinct perception of speculative truth is generally accompanied by a corresponding distinctness of moral perception, and delicacy of moral feeling. Moreover the sciences are but

compilations of the laws of nature. These laws force upon us a conviction of the attributes of the great Architect divine, and teach us the relations we sustain to other men, and the duties consequent on them ; and thus, whatever tendency to the promotion of virtue there may be in natural religion, is derived from these laws. Again, the subjects of the sciences teach every one its lesson. Whether they be incidents in the natural or moral world, portions of the sensitive or animate creation, a man may consider them in such a manner as to rise from the contemplation a wiser and a better man. Every species of writing, then, may be said to promote moral improvement, for we may glean good from all. But too often we are compelled to search long and tediously, amidst filth and pollution, for the expected good, and find it after all, a scanty recompense for our ill-starred labor ; too often they come to us in the guise of a friend and with his smiles, but there is a dagger in their sleeve. There may be beauty in the rich greenness of their verdure, and fragrance in their abundant blossoms, but the hiss of the adder is heard from beneath. But we would award a praise, infinitely higher than that of rhetorical beauty or strict logic, to a class of works whose legitimate and almost sole tendency should be to refine our moral nature. Hence we place the highest value on religious biography. In the memoir of the scholar we are made acquainted with the intellectual man alone. We are instructed respecting the control of his mind, habits of inquiry and progress in the career of discovery, and are sometimes admitted to the secret laboratory of the soul, and permitted to observe the workings of those hidden energies whose emanations we had been accustomed to admire. We retire from the scene with an accession to our knowledge, for the pathway to the fountains of truth has been pointed out to us ; and with our resolutions invigorated, for we bring back a truer notion of the extent of human capability. But the biography of a religious man opens to us the inner temple of the soul—the repository of tender and rich and sublime affections, and we may go in and gaze with unalloyed and tireless admiration on its magnificent beauty—an arsenal of spiritual weapons, bright burnished, whence every man may take a model for his own accoutrement. In the biography of a religious man we find a more valuable information, and lay down the volume with a more salutary impression on our hearts—more valuable information, for we read of the lostness and glory of moral worth, and the triumph of moral victory—with a more salutary impression on our hearts, for our thoughts are expanded from the littleness into which they are too apt to shrink, and we are reminded that we have just begun an onward, upward and eternal flight. Difference of opinion or practice constitutes no solid objection to this species of biography. For though we may censure the creed of others as

containing too little or too much, though we may condemn their state of feeling as too cold or fervent to extravagance, though we cannot always imitate or sympathize, we can always admire ; for in all this diversity of thought and feeling we see the strugglings of a noble nature, thralled by its infirmities and sins, to attain communion with Him who is the fountain of goodness and blissfulness, and a likeness to His stainless purity. Besides, there is something beautiful and ennobling in this recognition of dependency, in this acknowledgement and bewailment of waywardness and imperfection, and in this high purpose of reaching after perfection. We can admire therefore the devotion of the untaught savage who mingles his voice of solitary thankfulness with the universal anthem of created things. We can admire the wild and fiery zeal of the enthusiast, who, misled by a warm heart and unchastised imagination into the darkness of mysticism, at one time, overwhelmed with a view of his own uncleanness, prostrates himself in the abjectness of unwarranted self-abasement, and agonizes for a visible token of deliverance, and again, exalted by the conceit of a supernatural illumination, ventures where the awed Archangels 'veil their faces.' We like the Book of Martyrs, with its awful demonstrations of the strength of man's endurance, and of the power of truth. We love to follow the pious man into his retirement, and witness the earnestness of his broken petitions, and heartfelt ascriptions, his tears of penitence and joy ; for our minds are overshadowed by a deep consciousness of the Divine presence, and overspread with a serene joyfulness ; and the truths, that in the tumult of our daily employment had flitted before us in distant and shadowy procession, assume the form of near and palpable and solemn realities, and we return to the duties of life with a stronger determination, and lighter heart, and more elastic step. We love, though the scene is exquisitely painful, to watch the Christian in his dying hour, and we derive an unction from the sight of a fellow mortal laying off the cumbrance of earthly cares and the slough of mortal weakness, and entering a new existence in renovated beauty ; and looking forward in glorious prospective, we see him exchanging 'corruption for incorruption' and 'progressing upon the dateless and irrevoluble circle of eternity, clasp inseparable hands with joy and bliss in over measure forever.'

We would recommend biography, not merely to quicken the footsteps of him who loiters in the pursuit of truth, not merely to diffuse a deeper, richer, finer tone of feeling. It is a debt we owe the great and good, to preserve in our hearts, as a sacred deposit, the memory of their worth. We owe it to them as benefactors. They are the benefactors of our race ; for their example points with impressive gesture to the height which man can reach, and with resistless eloquence commands to climb. We owe it to future genera-

tions to transmit every memorial of their worth. We are taught from our earliest infancy to lisp with almost veneration the names of Washington and Franklin. We are proud to call them countrymen, and guard their reputation with a jealous eye and faithfully teach our children the invaluable lesson. With juster pride, may we claim alliance with those Heaven-born spirits, and with deeper reverence may we guard and transmit their virtues, whose bright course has given us higher apprehensions of the destiny and dignity of man, and kindled within us a quenchless desire to attain the one, and fulfil the other.

MICHELL.

## ON THE DEATH OF MISS FANNY V. APTHORP.

'Tis difficult to feel that she is dead.  
Her presence, like the shadow of a wing  
That is just given to the upward sky,  
Lingers upon us. We can hear her voice,  
And for her step we listen, and the eye  
Looks for her wonted coming, with a strange,  
Forgetful earnestness. We cannot feel  
That she will no more come—that from her cheek  
The delicate flush has faded, and the light  
Dead in her soft dark eye, and on her lip,  
That was so exquisitely pure, the dew  
Of the damp grave has fallen! Who, so lov'd,  
Is left among the living? Who hath walk'd  
The world with such a winning loveliness,  
And on its bright, brief journey, gather'd up  
Such treasures of affection? She was lov'd  
Only as idols are. She was the pride  
Of her familiar sphere—the daily joy  
Of all who on her gracefulness might gaze,  
And, in the light and music of her way,  
Have a companion's portion. Who could feel,  
While looking upon beauty such as hers,  
That it would ever perish! It is like  
The melting of a star into the sky  
While you are gazing on it, or a dream  
In its most ravishing sweetness rudely broken.

## SHAKSPEARE.

THERE is not a more curious subject of speculation, than the origin and progress of literary fame. Sometimes it bursts out in a sudden blaze, dazzling the understandings of men with unexpected splendor ; sometimes it kindles with a gradual flame, and grows, by degrees, steady, strong and brilliant, till, from being unseen or disregarded, it fixes the attention of all ; and sometimes, like the sepulchral lamp, it burns long amid damps and darkness, till some lucky accident discovers to the admiration of mankind that unextinguishable brightness, which defies obscurity, neglect, and even time itself.

Such, in general terms, is the story of literary celebrity ; but as no general terms are comprehensive enough to embrace the infinite variety of nature, the history of every great writer's reputation has peculiarities of its own. This is the case with Shakspeare. He was known and acknowledged, in his own times, as the great master of the English drama, but neither himself nor his contemporaries seem to have considered the same of this preeminence a matter of much consequence. Shakspeare himself appears to have trusted his reputation, without anxiety, to the traditions of the theatre ; and his most zealous admirers, content with the applauses called forth by every successive representation of his dramas, suffered the most remarkable productions of English literature long to lie hid in the obscurity of play-house manuscripts.

The few plays which were printed during the poet's life, those precious quartos so eagerly sought by all book collectors, were published, probably, without the care or knowledge of their author, and were, doubtless, soon confounded with the other pamphlets, prosaic and poetical, with which the English press teemed, even so long ago as the age of Elizabeth. The first secure foundations of Shakspeare's fame were laid seven years after his death, by the gratitude of the players. They published a complete collection of his dramas, deformed, indeed, with a thousand errors and corruptions, but copied, probably, with tolerable fidelity from the only existing manuscripts.

The closing of the play-houses, and the dispersion of the players, which happened not many years after, put a final period to the celebrity of many authors of the first school of English dramatists. Their plays had never been published at all, or only published in separate pamphlets, and when the stage ceased to keep them before the public eye, they soon dropped out of notice. But Shakspeare was destined to a better fate ; his works were printed, and though his contemporaries were far from supposing him the great poet he has been esteemed by after times, he doubtless had many readers

and many admirers. The ever-memorable Hales of Eton maintained in a company of wits, that whatever sublime or beautiful passages might be produced from the ancient poets, he could point out in Shakspeare corresponding passages of at least equal excellence : Milton, in one of his early poems, expresses his admiration in lines like these :

What needs my Shakspeare, for his honor'd bones  
The labor of an age in piled stones,  
Or that his hallow'd reliques should be hid,  
Under a starry-pointing pyramid ?  
Dear son of memory, great heir of fame,  
What need'st thou such weak witness of thy name ?  
Thou in our wonder and astonishment,  
Hast built thyself a live-long monument ;—

and, at a later period, after a new era in English literature had begun, Dryden, in his *Essay on Dramatic Poetry*, praised “the man who of all modern and perhaps ancient poets, had the largest and most comprehensive soul,” in a style of eulogium perfect enough to fill all succeeding panegyrists with despair.

Such was the testimony of scholars and poets ; but this testimony must not be received without some abatement ; for when Milton, in his preface to *Sampson Agonistes*, after enumerating a variety of facts in honor of the drama, tells us “this is mentioned to vindicate tragedy from the small esteem, or rather infamy, which, in the account of many, it undergoes at this day, with other common interludes ; happening through the poet's error of intermixing comic stuff with tragic, sadness and gravity ; or introducing trivial and vulgar persons, which by all judicious hath been counted absurd ; and brought in without discretion, corruptly to gratify the people ;”—all may see, under the disguise of general censure, a direct condemnation of Shakspeare. And what sturdy admirer of our great dramatist will allow that Milton's poetical creed is quite orthodox, when, at the close of the same preface, he mentions “Æschylus, Sophocles and Euripides as the three tragic poets unequalled yet by any, and the best rule to all who endeavor to write tragedy.”

As for Dryden, he was too much a panegyrist by profession to praise by halves. It is not always easy to discover his real sentiments, but with all the applauses which he lavishes on Shakspeare, he seems to have regarded him more as a wonderful child, than as a perfect master of the dramatic art. He was too deeply versed in French criticism to admit Shakspeare's claim to a rank among classic writers ; and he thought it no inexcusable arrogance to assist in altering his plays, and accommodating them, as the wits of that age expressed it, to the present civilized state of the English stage. The stage, indeed, at this time, was so much the patron of foreign refinements, that Shakspeare's plays never found a place there till

they had undergone some such transformation as has been just alluded to ; and, of those who studied them in the closet, the number could not have been large, nor the curiosity ardent ; for, during the seventeenth century, the plays were only twice reprinted.

The publication of Rowe's edition makes an era in the history of Shakspeare's reputation. This was the first edition in which any attention had been paid to the correction of the press, or the arrangement of the text. It was not executed with remarkable skill, but the mere name of being the first editor of Shakspeare, is perhaps an honor more enviable than any fame which Rowe derives from his own dramas. About this time the reputation of the poet seems to have shot up with a sudden growth. The curiosity of the public was aroused ; its attention was awakened ; the plays began to be generally read, and edition succeeded edition in frequent succession. Such men as Pope, and Warburton, and Johnson, did not disdain to arrange the text, amend its corruptions, and clear its obscurities, while a host of minor critics dug amid the rubbish of forgotten literature for materials to illustrate difficult passages, and explain peculiar allusions. The plays were brought anew upon the stage, and the skill of Garrick was exerted to express, by action, the conceptions of the poet ; to admire Shakspeare became the test of a true Englishman, and that fame, which had been, perhaps, hitherto, in some danger of being swept away by the stream of time, began now to be securely protected by national prejudice and prescriptive veneration.

The poet, however, did not obtain this universal homage, without many to object and gainsay. The critics talked long and loud of the violation of the unities, the absurdities of tragi-comedy, the neglect of decorum, the confusion of chronology, and the unauthorised intermixture of classic and Gothic fictions. These objections were warmly urged, but, as most of them are founded on a factitious system of taste, they have long ceased to have much influence. It seems now, to be admitted on all hands, that the English Drama is a distinct species of composition, differing entirely, in its origin and theory, from the drama of the ancients, and to be judged and estimated by general principles of taste, and not by the rules of Greek or French criticism.

That the construction of the English drama is open to some objections, must be admitted, and though these objections were waived, it will be impossible to deny that Shakspeare, in the execution of his plays often violates the principles of good taste. For, notwithstanding he possessed a most delicate perception of poetic beauty, a soul alike capable of the deepest pathos, the grandest sublimity and the most exquisite humor, yet taste, like all those other powers of the mind, which are not so much essential to existence, as of use to adorn

and elevate life, is not matured without artificial assistance. This assistance Shakspeare never had. He was not bred a scholar and consequently had no models to study ; for in his age the English language would supply none. English literature was then in its infancy, and though the poems and novels, the chronicles, ballads, romances, and translations, which he appears to have read so diligently, might fill his mind with images and furnish him with ample materials for poetry, they could advance him but little towards a philosophical knowledge of the art of writing. The consideration of these circumstances, will enable us to account for Shakspeare's faults, without falling into the vulgar error of supposing, that between taste and genius there is some natural contrariety ; that the impetuosity and extravagance of the one, and the regularity and correctness of the other are as distinct and incompatible as the elements of fire and water. It is not so. Taste, actual or potential, is ever the companion of genius, because to acquire a skill in solving literary problems, is but one way of exerting those vigorous mental powers, which genius implies. It is true, that taste originates in an intrinsic perception of beauty : But in this respect, nature seems never to be defective. False notions on matters of taste, are never owing to a natural insensibility to the difference between beauty and deformity ; they arise either from lack of judgment, of acuteness to discriminate, of comprehensiveness to combine, or else, from want of a sufficient familiarity with the objects on which taste is exercised, and a sufficient acquaintance with what may be called, the philosophy of literature. Writers on jurisprudence tell us, that law is the perfection of reason : *Lex est summa ratio.* Lord Coke affirms, that the common law itself is nothing else but reason ; but by this, as he assures us, he must be intended to mean, not the undisciplined reason of unlearned men, but a reason, in some respects, artificial, attained by long study, observation and experience, and accommodated to the artificial state of human society. So it is with the rules of good writing. Criticism is founded on principles implanted by nature in every bosom, but in its details, it is a study and an art, and like other arts, can only be acquired by a regular course of preliminary discipline. Shakspeare sinned against good taste, not by the fault of nature, but because, from the circumstances of his life, he possessed little opportunity of studying the theory of literary composition ; and perhaps, was not very anxious to improve the opportunity, which he did possess. It is not improbable, that he looked upon poetry with the disgust, with which men are apt to regard the trade by which they live, and that when once his task was done, the players satisfied, and the audience pleased, he felt little inclined to spend his leisure amid the dry details of criticism, or in abstract inquiries into the nature of beauty.

Yet in the matter of good taste, the public certainly have some claims on a man of genius. We may not assent to that doctrine of the German philosophers, which confounds taste with morals, and considers a violation of one a transgression against the other ; but as truth is valuable, even when its application is not obvious, and error, even in trifles, dangerous, those who labor to entertain the public, ought not to feel themselves at liberty to misguide it. In some respects, sins against taste are of more dangerous tendency, than sins against morals. When morality is attacked, conscience gives the alarm. The poet may bestow on vice every charm, which has power to allure, he may paint her crowned with roses and surrounded with delights, and passion may tell us, she is beautiful and good ; but the faithful monitor within says no ! and warns us to hate her as a deceiver, and shun her as a pestilence. Against the enticements of bad taste we have no such defence ; we are the slaves of every great name ; such is the infirmity of the public judgment, that when once it has become the fashion to praise and admire, most men praise without discrimination, and admire what, at best, ought only to be pardoned.

Yet temptation to do wrong is never wanting. Strange as it may seem to those, who instead of studying human nature, take up, on trust, such principles as float about the world, supported on the surface by their own levity, it is doubtless true, that Shakspeare owes much of his universal popularity, to those very faults, which his more intelligent admirers have occasion, so often, to lament. "I have seen," says Dr. Johnson, "in the book of some modern critic, a collection of anomalies, which show that Shakspeare has corrupted language by every mode of depravation, but which his admirer had accumulated as a monument of honor ;" and it is not long since a German author of some celebrity, subjoined to an essay, in which he delivered to his countrymen the principles of dramatic poetry, a translation of *Love's Labour's Lost*, as exemplifying the perfection of dramatic art. Many a reader of Shakspeare, who "has not ear nor soul to apprehend" his true and legitimate excellence, may yet be delighted with his bombast, his exaggerations and his conceits ; a punster will admire his puns, and a quibbler his quibbles.

A pun is not, as Addison would have us believe, essentially bad. There may be such a thing as a good pun, and a good pun in a proper place is a good thing. But the misfortune is, that Shakspeare neither makes good puns, nor makes them in proper places. When for instance Romeo tells his friends—

—you have dancing shoes  
With nimble *soles* ; I have a *soul* of lead  
So stakes me to the ground I cannot move ;—

who knows whether to laugh at his wit, or sympathize with his sadness? and what reader of sense was ever yet delighted with the eternal jingle of dolour and dollar, heart and hart, dear and deer?

Shakspeare's success as a punster is not such as will be likely to make many imitators; his fondness for false, overstrained and far-fetched thoughts, and his frequent indulgence in what Addison calls mixed wit, is of much more dangerous tendency.

It is a doctrine of Bohours, that truth is the foundation of all beauty, and that nothing pleases long which is not just. This doctrine has been approved by the best critics, as expressing the fundamental principle of literary excellence. Shakspeare understood it well, as applied to another art, as any one may see, who will read Hamlet's advice to the players; he understood it as applied to the drama, and in the general conception and expression of his characters, was always directed by it. He drew from human life, not servilely indeed, yet with a devout observance of nature. Like the Apollo, his personages may have a higher stature and a nobler form than ordinary men, but proportion and propriety are never forgotten. We find, in his dramas, no misanthropes, all love and all malignity, no philosophizing pedlars, nor prophetical gypsies. What the plays have of supernatural is not the puny offspring of a fancy, mechanically set to work to produce something surprising. It was part of the religion and philosophy of the age. No poet of this day can manage witches and fairies, very much for the same reason that no controversialist of the times is skilful in the subtleties of scholastic dialectics. In all greater things, Shakspeare is the faithful votary of truth, but in lesser matters he often deserts her. Great crimes no man of virtue will be guilty of, but who can resist the allurements of that little sin that easily besets us? False thoughts turn out, on a philosophical analysis, to be nothing better than quibbles; yet poor as they are, they are not wholly destitute of a power to please. Like discords in harmony, if once or twice introduced in a long composition, instead of offending, they may pass, perhaps justly enough, for an inferior sort of beauty. But to calculate on pleasing any judicious mind by an unmixed tissue of fantastic thoughts and overstrained sentiments, is to forget that falsehood pleases only while she wears the garb of truth, and that artifice becomes contemptible, the moment it is detected.

It is hard for an indulgent critic to condemn the following speech of Henry VI. over a dying soldier:—

The red rose and the white are on his face,  
The fatal colors of our striving houses,  
The one, his purple blood right well resembles,  
The other his pale cheek, methinks, presents.

And the vivacity of a young lady's imagination may perhaps excuse these lines of Juliet's soliloquy ;—

Come night !—come Romeo ! come thou day in night,  
 For thou wilt lie upon the wings of night,  
 Whiter than new snow on a raven's back.  
 Come gentle night ; come loving black browed night,  
 Give me my Romeo ; and when he shall die,  
 Take him and cut him out in little stars,  
 And he will make the face of heaven so fine  
 That all the world will be in love with night.

But if we once launch out into troubled waters, we are inevitably carried along by the current ; if we once allow ourselves to overstep the modesty of nature, it is impossible to say how far depravity of taste may carry us. In that beautiful scene in King John, between Herbert and Arthur, the touching pathos of the boy's entreaties, is often neutralized by a miserable spirit of quibbling. When Herbert tells Arthur that he can revive the sleeping fire with his breath ;—the young prince replies,—

And if you do, you will but make it blush  
 And glow with shame of your proceeding, Herbert,  
 Nay, it, perchance, will sparkle in your eye  
 And, like a dog, that is compell'd to fight,  
 Snatch at his master that doth tare him on,

Who can read these lines, and not feel inclined to cry out with the lively Boileau, on a similar occasion—*Quelle extravagance ! Tout les glaces du Nord ensemble ne sont pas, a mon sens, plus froides que un pensée.*

If the passage just quoted is cold and extravagant, what follows is arrant nonsense ;—

Hath Romeo slain himself? say thou but I,  
 And that base vowel I shall poison more  
 Than the death-darting eye of cocatrice ;  
 I am not I, if there be such an I,  
 Or those eyes shut, that make thee answer I ;  
 If he be slain, say I ;—or if not, no ;  
 Brief sounds determine of my weal or woe.

And what better can we say of the following speech of Byron, in Love's Labor Lost ?

Why, all delights are vain ; but that most vain,  
 Which, with pain purchas'd, doth inherit pain :  
 As, painfully to pore upon a book,  
 To seek the light of truth ; while truth, the while,  
 Doth falsely blind the eyesight of his look.  
 Light seeking light doth light of light beguile :  
 So ere you find where light in darkness lies,  
 Your light grows dark by loosing of your eyes.  
 Study me how to please the eye indeed,  
 By fixing it upon a fairer eye ;  
 Who dazzling so, that eye shall be his heed  
 And give him light, that was it blinded by.

Such are the absurdities into which those who desert truth will find themselves betrayed.

Let not the admirers of Shakspeare complain, that his faults are too ostentatiously displayed. Faults, to be avoided, must be known and censured. To criticise obscure authors is useless, for no one is likely to be misled by their errors ; it is the faults of great writers, which are dangerous, and to point out these faults is one of the most important functions of criticism. A beautiful image, or a noble thought strikes at once, and needs no comment to make it admired ; but to distinguish between gold and tinsel, the paint of nature and the varnish of art, the glitter of falsehood and the light of truth, asks more sagacity than every reader or every writer possesses ; and no one need be ashamed to sharpen his perspicuity, and quicken his acuteness in the schools of criticism. There is no cause to fear that criticism can diminish that admiration of Shakspeare, however enthusiastic, which is founded on reason ; for though we cannot, perhaps, say of him, what Longinus says of Homer, that were all his faults collected together, they would not equal in amount the thousandth part of his beauties, we may say, that notwithstanding his faults, he is the greatest of the English poets, and that there cannot be found in any other writer, in any language, such numerous examples of every degree or variety of excellence.

Of Shakspeare's style, the most obvious peculiarity is his great fondness for metaphor, his constant endeavor, while he forcibly expresses a principal idea, to present us at the same time with two or three collateral pictures. It is to this turn of mind, that we owe so many of those fine passages, which are forever quoted, but which quotation never makes tedious.

For example,

— hoary headed frosts  
 Fall in the fresh leaf of the crimson rose,  
 And on old Hyems' chin, and icy crown,  
 An odorous chaplet of sweet summer buds  
 Is, as in mockery, set.—

The tyrant custom, most grave senators,  
 Hath made the flinty and steel couch of war  
 My thrice driven bed of down.—

Sweet, rouse thyself, and the weak wanton Cupid  
 Shall from your neck unloose his amorous folds,  
 And like a dew drop from a lion's mane  
 Be shook to air.—

These passages are certainly beautiful, but perhaps, there is nothing very peculiar in them. Similar beauties may be culled from the works of other poets. But we meet with some passages of metaphorical expression, equally beautiful, and at the same time so novel

and uncommon, that we may safely challenge them, as peculiar to Shakspeare.

Witness the following extracts.

O, she that hath a heart of that fine frame  
To pay this debt of love but to a brother,  
How will she love, when the rich golden shaft  
Hath kill'd the flock of all affections else  
That live in her !

—But alas !  
Ceasar must bleed for it ; and gentle friends,  
Let's kill him boldly, but not wrathfully,  
Let's carve him as a dish fit for the gods,  
Not hew him as a carcass fit for hounds.

—If I do prove her haggard,  
Though that her jessies were my dear heart-strings,  
I'd whistle her off, and let her down the wind  
To prey at fortune.—

This same fondness for metaphor, sometimes leads the poet into harshness and obscurity :—

—I never yet have heard  
That the bruised heart was pierced through the ear.

—He did believe  
He was the duke out of the substitution,  
And executing the outward face of royalty,  
With all prerogative.

And sometimes betrays him into debasing a noble thought, and connecting it with one mean or ludicrous :—

Othello tells his friends.

Were it my eve to fight, I should have known it  
Without a prompter.

Macbeth exclaims,—

Come thick night,  
And pall me in the dunkest smoke of hell,  
That my keen knife see not the wound it makes,  
Nor heaven peep through the blanket of the dark,  
To cry hold ! hold !

Shakspeare's blank verse is far superior to that of any other poet,—superior even to Milton's. It is infinitely varied; 'coming o'er the ear like the sweet south,' when a lover whispers his mistress; lofty and full toned, when Brutus harangues the conspirators, or Henry addresses his army; and as the occasion demands, slow and solemn, smooth and even, rough and harsh, easy and familiar, changing its music as the summer sky changes its colors. This praise, however, does not belong to all the plays. Timon, Cymbeline and Coriolanus are written in a style of versification often so deficient in rhythm as to be scarcely distinguishable from prose; and in all the plays, passages are continually met with, which a little attention to

the measure would have essentially improved. For Shakspeare's rhymes much cannot be said. These are fetters which he never learned to wear gracefully. Homer says, that the day a man becomes a slave, he loses half his masculine vigor; we may say of Shakspeare, that whenever he submits to the thraldom of rhymes, the muses seem to desert him. When we meet with a rhymed passage, we shall generally find mean thoughts meanly expressed. This remark, however, like all other general remarks, is to be received with some allowance. There may be found in Shakspeare rhymed passages of undoubted excellence, and the inimitable sweetness and simplicity of his songs cannot be too highly praised.

His prose is admirable. It is pure, idiomatic English; easy, yet forcible, it always satisfies the ear. The words seem to drop, as if by instinct, into proper places. With all his carelessness, Shakspeare does not always employ blank verse, prose and rhyme indiscriminately. It would be difficult, perhaps, to give any other reason than the whim of the poet for the few rhymes that occur in the first act of Othello, or to tell why Brutus addresses the people in prose and the conspirators in verse; but it is easy to discover why, in the Midsummer Night's Dream, Bottom and his companions speak in prose, the lovers, for the most part, in blank verse, and the fairies in rhyme; and that, in Much ado about Nothing, prose should be the style of the witty Benedict, seems very fitting, since he confesses that he has no talent for verse, and can find no rhyme for lady but baby, and none for school but fool; very ominous endings, as he justly observes. Yet it is too much to expect of Shakspeare a strict adherence to rule for a whole play together; the fairies sometimes forgot to rhyme, the Athenian lovers after marriage deviate into prose, and Benedict himself, in one scene, runs as smoothly as the rest "in the even road of blank verse."

The most remarkable characteristic of Shakspeare is his compass and variety. We find in his dramas specimens of every kind of poetry, and every sort of speculation. He describes human life in all its glory; its pomp, and show, and circumstance; its gaiety, pride, and magnificence; its romantic incidents, its strange surprises, its animating adventures. He describes it, too, in all its bitterness; its pains, crimes, and sorrows; its follies, weakness, and inconsistencies; its blighted hopes, its deceitful pleasures, its insignificant duration. Not dazzled by its splendor, nor disgusted by its meanness, calm and unmoved, he seems to contemplate all its mingled contradictions, with the impartiality of one who feels himself much above it. To borrow the illustration of Lucretius, "he looks down, as from a serene and lofty elevation, upon the delirium of life, with the same feeling of complacent security with which one beholds, from the shore, vessels struggling against the storm, or, from

a place of safety, armies joining battle on the plain. But his calmness does not show itself in a fixed insensibility ; he is not, like the wise man of the Epicurian philosophy, unmoved by human changes, because he is careless of them. His self-possession appears rather in the flexibility with which, for the moment, he enters in every passion and every sentiment. Whether we are sad or merry, grave or gay, the dramas of Shakspeare will equally serve our turn ; we may find something in them exactly accommodated to every complexion of the mind. Yet with whatever solemnity we begin to read, our seriousness will generally soon be relaxed, for the genius of Shakspeare is sportive and riant ; he loves to dwell on the bright side of things ; he enlivens the gravest scene with some flash of wit, and relieves the saddest by some play of fancy, or touch of humor. He delights to gladden life ; to throw sunshine on its dreariest wastes, and strew its flintiest paths with flowers.

## SUNRISE.

Look on the sky ! look while its glories last !  
 See the Sun's harbingers ! Those purple hues—  
 Those roseate tints—that golden girdle vast,  
 That fades into the blue, and strives to lose  
 The splendid in the delicate ! Who that views  
 These varied wonders, does not grieve, to know  
 That they must vanish with these twinkling dews,  
 Soon as the Sun his dazzling orb shall shew,  
 He whom they herald forth—He by whose light they glow ?

Look on the silent lake ! it pictures forth,  
 Chastened, the brightness of the morning sky.  
 From polished South far up to utmost North  
 The mingled colors of the rainbow lie,  
 Seen through the early mist that lightly by  
 Floats on the breeze. The coming Sun will cast  
 A brightness on it that will blast the eye,  
 And these bright splendors will no longer last  
 Than their bright types in heaven. The Sun approaches fast.

Now fade these gentler beauties—every tint  
 Lost in a blaze of undistinguished light,  
 And he who did these pictures fair imprint  
 Upon the sullen sable of the night,  
 Now dashes all into confusion bright.

But who will grieve, when to our eyes is given  
All nature in a moonlike splendor dight—  
A lake from which each shadowy mist is driven—  
A glory-shedding Sun, for a soft-painted Heaven !

Life dawns in beauty on the gloomy past.  
Such joys as this world gives are strewed around  
In fair profusion ; promising to last  
Till the dread trump its warning note shall sound.  
But life's delights are still a weakness found,  
As rainbows glow not in the clear blue sky,  
And he to paltry things is meanly bound  
Who joys not that the "perfect day" is nigh,  
When all delights are merged in simple bliss on high.

M. R.

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**THE EDITOR'S TABLE.**

THERE are few things of a more miscellaneous character than an Editor's table. Not to speak of the necessarily universal nature of his own productions, there is a periodical renewal of variety spread before him to which nothing but the Ark of the deluge will afford any fitting analogy. The liberal principles on which literary notices are conducted in our country, make it a profitable courtesy to our good friends, the booksellers, to send us the copies of their new publications—the only price paid for a criticism, which, brief though it be, makes the reading world aware at least of their existence, and, we flatter ourselves, sometimes of their value. At the summons of that indefinite personage, therefore, whose prototype, like himself, too often comes for the "last article" we array before us our tributes for the month, and ponder over their freshly lettered backs till we re-conjure the reflections which occurred to us while reading them or, if we have not yet inserted our folder between the leaves, draw from the character of the author, or the brief but polite note of the bibliopole, some safe and general conclusion with regard to their merits. This last part of our conjunctive, we regret to say, is oftener true, though we shall be excused when the reader remembers that the majority of books sent us are anything but adapted to our "vein," or attractive even to that faint propensity of our nature which unites the "useful with the agreeable," (we translate the phrase lest we should be said to smell of our Latin grammar.) Not that we feel bound to say something of them all—much less to say always that which is favorable. There comes to us

now and then a volume of which our acquisitions do not enable us to judge—a Hebrew Grammar perhaps, or a Treatise upon Callisthenics or the last speech of orator Emmons—and, now and then, a volume of poetry by some timid fledgling of an author which we pass over in silence rather than look coldly on—remembering our own sometime sensitiveness and the encouraging kindness with which we were treated by the body of which we are now an unworthy member. Occasionally, too, we are required to give an opinion upon a work, of which, however we may form a judgment in our individual capacity, we cannot, though we make small pretension to modesty, feel ourselves a fitting critic in the public eye. We dare not sit down, for example, to find fault with Scott and Goethe and Irving, on the strength of our own untried judgment. We do not like to say (though we have been driven to such daring of late) that Wordsworth is our "magnus Apollo," and Bryant and Dana the princes of American poetry. We are a little delicate about writing our admiration out in full of Mrs. Sigourney and the authoress of Hobomok, and upon the general merits of American literature we have not the courage to face, as we gladly would the formidable array of evil speaking and croaking seers. Our opinion upon these subjects, particularly upon contemporaneous poetry, would clash loudly with that of our elders, and difficult though it be, we have not been so seldom warned of presumption that we feel at liberty to break a lance with such formidable antagonists. We console ourselves with reading anew the "Dying Raven" of Dana, and the "Coral Insect" of Mrs. Sigourney, and the limpid and wild beauties of Percival, reflecting the while, that if the thrill which they send through our bosom as we read is a false impulse, and the neglect they experience in criticism be merited, we shall by and by arrive at the true standard, which is, we confess, if this be it, a most distant consummation. But we have rambled away from our subject with the influence of this most restless of months upon us, and like a tied bird we must obey our string, and remember the peg to which we are fastened. We were speaking of books.

First under our hand lies Mr. Leggett's *TALES OF A COUNTRY SCHOOLMASTER*. If it lay within the bounds of criticism we would object to the title of this book. The scenes are quite too stirring, and the nautical narrations especially are told with too technical an air to be the production of so gentle a craft as schoolkeeping. Without staying to dispute upon this, however, as an author has an undoubted right to be arbitrary in such matters, we pass on to the tales themselves. Mr. Leggett writes a free, rambling style, telling his story

right on without any apparent effort, and telling it well. There is much more freshness in the invention of his plot than in the cast of his periods. The "Rifle," with which every one is familiar, "Near Sighted," a story of much interest, and one or two others, are very finely contrived, and shew proportion and judgment. We take an extract from the commencement of the "Watch in the Maintop" as affording a fair specimen of his manner.

"When I was a reefer, I once had the evil fortune to sail under the command of a captain, who, in nautical technicals, was very justly termed the hardest horse in the navy; or, in other words, with a tyrannical ignoramus, by the name of Crayton, who I sincerely believe was cordially hated, by all who did not despise him too much to allow of the former feeling. Among other vexatious means which he devised for the purpose of annoying his officers, was that of having a regular sea-watch of midshipmen, night and day, in the tops, of which there was about as much need, in those piping times of peace, as there is for a ringtail in a gale of wind. It happened on one clear moonlight night, when we had a spanking wind on the quarter, and were cutting along through the blue sea, with as much sail set as we could cleverly stagger under, going at the rate of about *nine, two*, that it was my turn, when the mid-watch was called, to take the main-top. This was no very disagreeable place, after all, when the weather was pleasant, and the wind steady; for (be it spoken in a whisper) we would sometimes on such occasions, so far infringe upon our military duty as to stow ourselves snugly away, in a coil of rigging, and snooze out an hour or two of the long and solitary watch. For my own part, I had done this so often that the timidity and caution at first attendant upon any deviation from discipline had gradually worn off; and it at last became so customary, that as soon as I had got my head above the rim of the top, I was casting my eyes about to see which coil of rigging lay the snuggest for my bunk.

"On the occasion to which I now particularly refer, however, I did not feel disposed to sleep. Knowing that I would have the mid-watch to keep, and not feeling very well, I had retired to my hammock at about seven bells in the evening, and by the time that the lights were doused at eight o'clock, had fallen into a sweet and refreshing slumber. The noise on deck of their taking in studding-sails, when the wind freshened, did not waken me, and by the time that the first watch was out, and an officer sent down, to call the relief, I was so completely renovated by my sound and uninterrupted repose, that I had no disposition to renew my slumber. When I got into the top, I took my seat on a coil of rigging where I could lean back against the fancy-lines, and throwing my arm over the toprail, I was soon lost in contemplation of the beautiful scene.

"I believe I said before that it was bright moonlight. As far as the eye could reach, not a sail was in sight: but on every side around us stretched the blue, interminable waves, till they met, and seemed to mingle with the heavens. The sky above was gemmed with many a star; and large bodies of fleecy clouds every now and then drove across them, for a few moments casting a deep shade over the ocean, which, as the moon again emerged, seemed, to a fanciful view, to dance and sparkle with joy for the recovered radiance. As soon as the watch was all mustered, the boatswain's mate was ordered "to pipe down," or, in other words, to blow that peculiar note on his whistle which signified to the poor fellows who had been on deck from eight o'clock, that they might now seek their hammocks, and snatch a short repose, before they should again be summoned to their wearisome duty.

"The noise of the retiring crew soon subsided; the hail of the lieutenant who had just taken the deck, to each of the stations where look-outs had been appointed, bidding them keep a bright look-out, had been made and answered; and the watch—forecastle-men, waisters and after-guard—had all quietly snuggled down under the weather bulwarks, before the quarter-master reported one bell. The maintop-men were not slow, in perceiving that I was more wakeful than usual,

and instead of stretching themselves out to sleep, huddled together in a corner of the top, and began to amuse themselves by telling stories—or, in their own phrase, by spinning yarns. Jack Gunn, the captain of the starboard watch of maintop-men, was the first called on, and with true sailor alacrity he immediately complied. There never was, from the time of the Argo, down to the frigate now on the stocks at the navy-yard, a more thorough man-of-war's-man than that same Jack Gunn. He had sailed in all kinds of crafts, from a Dutch lugger to a Yankee Line-of-battle ship; he had fought under the flags of all nations, and it was even surmised, from occasional words, that he would accidentally let fall, that he had handled a sabre under the blood-red standard of piracy. Whether this was so or not, he made no secret of his having been often engaged in desperate adventures on board of smuggling craft; and the number of suspicious looking Frenchmen who recognised Jack, when the cutter to which he belonged, was sometimes sent ashore while we were lying at Cherbourg, bore no very favorable testimony in relation to his former pursuits. Yet for all his recklessness of character, and for all the many unwarrantable enterprises in which he had been engaged, Jack was a good fellow. His vices were those which resulted from ignorance and thoughtlessness; his virtues were the warm impulses of a naturally excellent heart, which, properly matured and cultivated, would have made him an ornament to his profession and his species. I do not believe, for all the many scenes of blood and rapacity which he must have witnessed, and in which he most likely took a large part, that Jack ever did a deliberately cruel action in his life. As a sailor, he had but few equals, and no superior in our ship. He did not eat, drink, nor sleep, like other men; but was always ready, whatever he might be about, to spring on deck, and lend an active hand in anything that it might be requisite to do. If a squall struck us in the mid-watch, and it was Jack's watch in at the time, it made no difference; the surge of the ship and her heeling were sure to wake him, and the first thing you would know, there he would be, out on the weather yard-arm, before the quarter-deck midshipman had got half way to the fore cockpit to tell the boatswain to call all hands." pp. 204-208.

Mr. Leggett has recently abandoned the "Critic," a periodical which he conducted with singular industry and ability, and, we believe, has started as professional author. The enterprise is honorable to him, and we believe it by no means impossible to live by the profession. We are glad to see the growing confidence in the disposition of the public to encourage literary effort, and we are assured that as a general thing, no productive talent will in the present period, go unrewarded. We wish our author every success both for his own sake and for our own reputation as a literary people.

"**GEBEL TEIR, or the Mountain of Birds**" is a singular book, containing under a pleasantly told fable of a delegation of birds from every country to a general assembly, a series of shrewd observations upon the politics and condition of the prominent nations of the world. The manner of the writer is extremely graceful and chaste, as will be seen by the following extract from the commencement.

"The feathered delegates had already carolled their morning hymns with the returning light, and were winging their way on all sides to the Mountain of Gebel Teir, on whose ancient rocks as they stooped their flight, in a thousand varieties of motion and figure, the wondering Arab might indeed have supposed, that all the birds of the universe had congregated. This animating picture was however reserved to only here and there an insulated seer, who possessed the faculty of second sight; to the ordinary race of mortals who only discern at first view, the

spectacle was wholly invisible, and in the usual course of ignorant incredulity wholly distrusted. Glorious indeed is the privilege of beholding this reunion! The rapid rush of the wild pigeon, the skimming gyration of the swallow, the majestic cowering of the eagle, the heavy flapping of the raven, and the flickering velocity of the humming bird, all were blended in seeming confusion, yet unerring order. The gleams of nature's most brilliant colors, the mingling, crossing, fleeting shadows of the great and the little, chequered the earth, and reflected or obscured the sunbeams as the crowds settled down on their accustomed perches, to compose their wings in graceful foldings, and recover from the panting flutter of their morning excursion.

"The last of the delegates were just taking their places, when the senior President gradually descended to occupy his station. A vast Roc held this office by perpetual choice, and as he poised majestically to his place, his outspread form threw a shadow like that of a passing cloud over the assembly. Once alighted on his feet, his still extended wings could only be compared to the wide spread of canvass, bearing before the wind a huge ship of war with steering sails on either side. The wings however, that suspended his ample body in the fields of ether, were in a moment folded, and he stood an imposing President, with a dignity of size and majesty of power, that would cause the proudest chancellor in the most voluminous wig and cumbersome robes, to dwindle to a sparrow in comparison."

pp. 14, 15.

After listening to accounts, from native birds, of the United States, Spain, Turkey and Greece, England and France, the assembly are astonished by the entrance of a bird, "whose appearance was sudden and whose coming was noiseless and unseen." This is the Egyptian Ibis, come "to make his annual return from the shades below." After some account of himself, the mysterious visitant proceeds thus:—

"To instruct and incite the younger members here present, I will mention a few of the sights that gladden the eye in the Elysian fields, where birds who have shown themselves faithful in their duties, vigilant sentinels when stationed on that service, valiant defenders of their nests and careful providers for their young, enjoy the unceasing delights of Elysium, on a wing that never tires. They are there secure from attack and from suffering, in a blissful region, where peace forever dwells, and violence or want can never enter.

"In these abodes of ever-during felicity a deep harmony and universal participation increase the charm of every delight. Among the varieties of ethereal enjoyment it is one to see the tenants of Elysium attended by the semblances of all those creations of their genius which ennobled their existence in this world. It is one of the rewards allotted to them that these embodied shadows shall there follow them; and the pleasure is mutual, as each purified from envy and all earthly passion, enjoys the creation of others, as well as his own. There the Grecian poets and artists, are accompanied by the classic designs they invented. Homer is followed by Achilles, Nestor, Ulysses, Ajax, and a crowd of others. Sophocles and Euripides are attended by Clytemnestra, Iphigenia, Orestes, Jason, &c. The clouds and birds hover over Aristophanes. The sculptors have for companions their Apollo, Venus and the Graces; and the painters their representations, even to the grapes that deceived the birds, and the curtain that deceived the artist. Virgil sees Æneas, Creusa, and Ascanius, Dido, Nisus and Euryalus, and all his heroic and pastoral characters. Raphael is surrounded with the beautiful mothers and children, he painted for Catholic worship, and Michael Angelo here compares that awful scene which he spread on the walls of the Sistine Chapel, with the reality that exists around him.

Petrarch sees his laurel covered with sonnets to Laura, who sits beneath its shade. Dante with Beatrice here realizes the scenes he tried to discover in this world; Ariosto has his wild gay imaginations of ladies, magicians and knights to recreate his fancy. Cervantes is accompanied by Don Quixote, Sancho, and all the characters of his brilliant genius. Rabelais has Panurge and his grotesque

companions, and Fenelon is escorted by Mentor, Telemachus, Calypso and Europa. Spenser has his allegoric visions. But of all who are thus gratified and contribute to the general light, none is so distinguished as Shakspeare, around whom every creation of fancy, the gay, sad, heroic, terrific, fantastic, appear in a hundred forms. Falstaff and his buffoons, Autolycus and his clowns, Hamlet and Ophelia, Romeo and Juliet, Othello and Desdemona, Lear, Macbeth, Ariel, Miranda, Caliban, the Fairies of a Midsummer's Night, and the Witches of a Highland Heath, all attend his beck. Of late new groups have made their appearance, as yet without their master. Some of these in all the various measures of poetry, others in the more serious steps of prose; and these were multiplied so fast, and exhibited so much invention, that it was at last thought they would realize the prodigies of any other imagination.

"The heroes and statesmen who are rewarded with a residence in these blissful fields, have yet one mark to designate their errors. They are at times partially or wholly enveloped in an appearance of mist, which impedes them from seeing or being seen by others. When this is examined, it is found to consist of an infinite number of minute, vapory pieces of paper, to represent their delusive statements, and their intrigues of ambition and rivalry; when this is dissipated, there appears over their heads in aerial letters of light, the great and useful measures they prosecuted. The mist that encircles our heroes is composed of an innumerable quantity of weapons of destruction, in miniature; as every man that fell in battle in a useless war, is here typified by a sword, ball, or spear, or if he perished of disease, by a small livid spot. Some are thus surrounded more than others. An illustrious chief recently arrived who extended his march to this spot where we assemble, is sometimes wholly enveloped: when the mist breaks away we see in the air inscriptions of 'religious toleration,' 'road over the Alps,' 'protection of the arts,' &c. But among all those who as a statesman or a warrior, walks these blessed groves, there is but one combining both attributes, whose majestic form is forever unshrouded; around whom there never flits the representation of a delusive statement, or an effort of personal intrigue, nor a single minute resemblance of a destructive weapon to signify that a soldier perished in a battle fought with ambitious views; over his head appears in mild radiance an inscription: 'first in war, first in peace, and first in the hearts of his countrymen.'

"The form of the Ibis, had now vanished as suddenly, and silently as it first appeared; the influence of the hour replaced the feelings of awful attention by which it had been suspended. The nocturnal birds, the owls, whippoorwills and bats began their career of nightly occupation and watching, while the rest of the immense assembly soon had their heads under their wings, and presented a more numerous collection, than could be formed by the afternoon patients united, of a thousand somniferous preachers." pp. 155—150.

The views of these feather'd legislators are, we think, generally sound, and their language, as we have before remarked, is chaste and graceful. There is occasionally, however, a tendency to alliteration and long words which troubled us, as for instance, "Pompey perished as a patriot," and "under the ferocious stupidity of implacable fatality"—careless passages which might be excused in the heat of argument upon Gebel Teir, but which an honest reporter was bound to make euphonous.

We next have "THE PHILOSOPHY OF HUMAN KNOWLEDGE," in "*a Course of Lectures delivered at the Utica Lyceum, by Alexander B. Johnson*"—so far as we have read, an ingenious book. We find written upon the "fly-leaf" however the sensible and necessary request, "will the editor favor the author by reading this book!"—an indica-

tion of knowledge upon editorial practices which we were not aware had got generally about, and, upon the hint of which, we lay the book aside with a promise of a review in a moment of more leisure.

We have before us a choice and rare book, "A COLLECTION OF POEMS, chiefly manuscript, and from Living Authors, edited by Joanna Baillie." It is almost enough to say of anything, that the powerful mind of this lady had a share in its production. She is, beyond all competition, the first female of the age, and, we think, the first dramatist, without distinction of sex. We cannot go now into an analysis of her works, but it is one of the subjects we propose to ourselves in future, and, in the meantime, we take up the volume just mentioned, which was published by subscription for some charitable object, and of which one or two copies have, by chance, found their way to this country. There are many things in this collection which we should feel gratified to present entire to our readers, but we pass over everything else to come to a most singular production, from which we shall make copious extracts. We take the first two or three pages as they stand, with the introduction.

## THE LAY OF THE BELL.

[From the German of Schiller.]

"The most original and beautiful, perhaps, of all Schiller's poems, unequalled by anything of Goethe's, is called 'The Song of the Bell,'—a varying irregular lyric strain. The casting of a bell is, in Germany, an event of solemnity and rejoicing. In the neighborhood of the Hartz, and the other nine districts, you read formal announcements in the newspapers from bell-founders, that at a given time and spot a casting is to take place, to which they invite all their friends. An entertainment out of doors is prepared, and held with much festivity. Schiller, in a few short stanzas, forming a sort of chorus, describes the whole process of the melting, the casting, and the cooling of the bell, with a technical truth and a felicity of expression, in which the sound of the sharp sonorous rhymes and expressive epithets constantly forms an echo to the sense. Between these technical processes he breaks forth into the most beautiful episodic pictures of the various scenes of life, with which the sounds of the bell are connected."

*Vivos voco.—Mortuos plango.—Fulgura frango.*

Fast immur'd within the earth,  
Fixt by fire the clay-mould stands,  
This day the Bell expects its birth :  
Courage, comrades ! ply your hands !

Hotly from the brow  
 Must the sweat-drop flow :  
 If by his work the master known,  
 Yet—Heav'n must send the blessing down.

The work we earnestly prepare,  
 May well an earnest word demand :  
 When cheering words attend our care,  
 Gay the labour, brisk the hand.  
 Then, let us weigh with deep reflection,  
 What by force must be achiev'd ;  
 And rightly scorn his mis-direction,  
 Whose foresight ne'er his work conceiv'd.  
 'Tis this, that human nature graces,  
 This, gifted reason's destin'd aim,  
 That in itself the spirit traces  
 Whate'er the hand shall fitly frame.

Billets of the fir-wood take,  
 Every billet dry and sound ;  
 That flame on gather'd flame awake,  
 And vault with fire the furnace round.  
 Cast the copper in,  
 Quick, due weight of tin,  
 That the Bell's tenacious food.  
 Rightly flow in order'd mood.

What now within the earth's deep womb  
 Our hands by help of fire prepare,  
 Shall on yon turret mark our doom,  
 And loudly to the world declare !  
 There its aerial station keeping,  
 Touch many an ear to latest time ;  
 Shall mingle with the mourner's weeping,  
 And tune to holy choirs its chime.  
 All that to earth-born sons below  
 The changeful turns of fortune bring,  
 The Bell from its metallic brow  
 In warning sounds shall widely ring.

Lo ! I see white bubbles spring :—  
 Well ! —the molten masses flow.  
 Haste, ashes of the salt-wort fling,  
 Quick'ning the fusion deep below.  
 Yet, from scoria free  
 Must the mixture be,  
 That from the metal, clean and clear,  
 Its sound swell tuneful on the ear.

Hark ! 'tis the birth-day's festive ringing !  
It welcomes the beloved child,  
Who now life's earliest way beginning,  
In sleep's soft arm lies meek and mild.  
As yet in time's dark lap repose,  
Life's sunshine lot, and shadowy woes,  
While tenderest cares of mothers born  
Watch o'er her infant's golden morn.

The years like winged arrows fly :  
The stripling from the female hand  
Bursts into life all wild to roam ;  
And wandering far o'er sea and land,  
Returns a stranger home.  
There, in her bloom divinely fair,  
An image beaming from the sky,  
With blushing cheek and modest air  
A virgin charms his eye.  
A nameless longing melts his heart,  
Far from his comrades' revels rude,  
While tears involuntary start,  
He strays in pathless solitude,—  
There, blushing, seeks alone her trace ;  
And if a smile his suit approve,  
He seeks the prime of all the place,  
The fairest flow'r to deck his love.—  
Enchanting hope ! thou sweet desire !  
Thou earliest love ! thou golden time !  
Heav'n opens to thy glance of fire,  
The heart o'erflows with bliss sublime.  
Oh that it might eternal prove  
The vernal bloom of youthful love !

See ! the pipes are browning over !  
This little rod I inly dip ;  
If coated there with glassy cover,  
Let not the time of fusion slip.  
Now, companions !—move,  
Now, the mixture prove.  
If each alike, in one design  
The brittle and the ductile join.

For where strength with softness joins,  
Where force with tenderness combines,  
Firm the union, sweet the song.  
Thus, ere thou wed no more to part,  
Prove first if heart unite with heart :  
The dream is brief, repentance long.

Sweet, 'mid the tresses of the bride,  
    Blooms the virgin coronal,  
When merry bells ring far and wide  
    Kind welcome to the festival.  
Ah, that life's fairest festive day  
    Fades with the blossom of our May !  
That when the veil and cestus fall,  
    The sweet illusions vanish, all !—  
    The passion,—it flies,  
    The love must endure :  
    The blossom,—it dies,  
    The fruit must mature.

Forth the husband must wend  
To the combat of life ;  
Plunge in turmoil and strife.  
Must plant, and must plan ;  
Gain get as he can.  
Hazard all, all importune,  
To woo and win fortune.

Then streams, like a spring-flood, his wealth without measure,  
And his granaries groan with the weight of their treasure ;  
And his farm-yards increase, and his mansion expands.

The poem goes on, describing the different processes with singular graphic beauty, and giving episodes of real life which are suggested by the uses of the Bell. We will extract the closing passage.

Come all ! come all !  
Close your ranks, in order settle ;  
Baptize we now the hallow'd metal :  
    “ Concordia ! ”—Such her name we call.  
To harmony, to heartfelt union,  
It gathers in the blest communion.  
Be this henceforward its vocation ;  
For this I watch'd o'er its creation,  
That while our life goes lowly under,  
    The Bell, 'mid yon blue heav'n's expansion,  
Should soar, the neighbor of the thunder,  
    And border on the starry mansion.  
Its voice from yon aerial height  
    Shall seem the music of the sphere,  
That rolling lauds its Maker's might,  
    And leads along the crowned year :  
To solemn and eternal things  
    Alone shall consecrate its chime,  
And hourly, as it swiftly swings,  
    O'ertake the flying wing of time :

Shall lend to Fate its iron tongue,  
Heartless itself, nor formed to feel,  
Shall follow life's mix'd scenes among,  
Each turn of fortune's fickle wheel—  
And, as its echo on the gale  
Dies off, though long and loud the tone,  
Shall teach that all on earth shall fail,  
All pass away—save God alone.  
Now, with the rope's unwearied might,  
From its dark womb weigh up the Bell,  
That it may gain th' aerial height,  
And in the realm of Echo dwell.  
Draw ! draw !—it swings ;  
Hark ! hark !—it rings.  
Joy to this town be heard around !  
Peace unto all, the Bell's first sound !

We have exhausted our room, and have only to mention several smaller books :—Mr. Ray's *ANIMAL ECONOMY*, a well digested manual, with no fault except that technical words are used with too little explanation—COULOMB'S *INTRODUCTEUR FRANCAIS*, a condensed and improved French Grammar adopted in Yale College and spoken well of by the Professors of that Institution—and IRVING'S *COLUMBUS ABRIDGED*, *by the Author*, and of course authentic—a neat edition from the press of the Carvills. We have omitted several new books rather than pass over them in this hasty manner, and we trust their authors will, for the present, excuse us.

We have received volumes of manuscript poetry—some good, some bad, and a great deal indifferent. From the good we have selected that which we present this month to our readers, the bad lies in our drawer, subject to the command of the perpetrators, and from the indifferent we can pick here and there a fine passage or a musical line which makes us regret its total rejection. We often wish we had the author of such contributions by us, that we might whisper in his ear some of those secrets of trade which are only learned behind the editorial curtain, and which assist wonderfully in hitting the popular palate. There is many a fine thought lost to the world, like many a fine spirit, for the want of a modish dress. We cannot be responsible always for their reception, however we may think them “sans reproche” and it is often very much against our will that we condemn them to obscurity. Here, for instance, is the long story of Joseph and his brethren, blank versed in some hundreds of lines, and covering twice the space which it does in the affecting and inimitable prose of the Bible. The handwriting has a pretty Italian grace about it, and

the frequent apostrophes and digressions to sentiment mark it as the production of a lady. The descriptions of Joseph are beautiful, and the opening which we quote below is in a sweet vein of pastoral philosophy, but the narrative is stiff and a failure. There is nothing more difficult, or which tests the powers more severely, than descriptive poetry, and we would suggest to our fair correspondent, with all deference, the propriety of deferring farther attempts in it till her style is more mature. It requires the most elaborate and patient skill to run into each other gracefully the little circumstances which compose description. But here is an extract, and we see nothing in it which need discourage the writer from a fair promise.

THERE was a time  
 When pastoral life was not a fable ; when  
 The sons of men dwelt in the " liberal air,"  
 Or 'neath a tent found shelter from the heat ;  
 When the shrill pipe ringing among the hills  
 Beguiled the lagging hours of shepherd life ;  
 When 'neath the arch of heav'n as night distill'd  
 " The tears of love" upon " fair nature's breast,"  
 Men, hardy men, guarded the peaceful fold,  
 And, as the lazy hours crept wearily,  
 They turn'd their eyes and thoughts to those far worlds  
 That gem the brow of night. And oh ! what thoughts  
 Would fill their glowing minds, unhackney'd yet  
 In that scholastic lore, which dims the fire  
 Of fancy, and restrains the buoyant wing  
 Of young imagination, and perverts  
 The mind, that else would see alone a God  
 In those bright heav'ns, his fairest workmanship,  
 With systems falsely wise, and theories  
 That darken while they seem to light the soul !  
 Who, uninspired, shall tell the glowing thoughts  
 That rose in their untutored hearts, unsought,  
 When, on those silent plains, vast, wild and lone,  
 Fresh in their new creation, and so still  
 The flutt'ring leaf was heard to quiver ere  
 It left the bough, and overhead the stars  
 Looked from their thousand chambers, and appear'd  
 So near, man almost held his breath to hear  
 Their choral symphonies—those shepherds sat,  
 And inspiration drank into their hearts,  
 'Till rose the mighty mind, and seemed to swell  
 With its high thoughts unearthly ; and within  
 Its cage, the imprison'd soul flutter'd, and strove  
 To try its pinions in a higher sphere.

In the really beautiful stanzas which follow we recognize the hand of a certain poetical editor. We thank him cordially. He could have given us no higher evidence of his good opinion of ourselves and our periodical than to commit to us jewels, which, we presume, (as we have never seen them equalled in his own paper) he thinks too fine for his own wearing. We have read few better things of late than

## STANZAS WRITTEN BY MOONLIGHT.

SILENCE has come down and cast  
Her spell o'er all the sleeping world ;  
From where the mountains veil their heads,  
Amid thin ether flags unfurled,  
Across the forests dense and wide,  
O'er-reaching plain and far hill side,  
Through deep-down glens where breezes sleep,  
And darkened waters slowly creep ;

Where flowers lift up their drooping heads,  
To drink the gently falling dew,  
Which fairies, in a noiseless shower,  
Are pouring from their home of blue ;  
When every bud, and blade of grass  
Drink beauty from the gales that pass,  
And o'er the breast of Nature fling  
The rich and lovely robe of Spring.

The sounds that stirr'd the city air,  
And on the lightly passing gale  
Were wafted to the forest shades  
So like a troubled spirit's wail,  
Are voiceless now. And o'er the spires  
Which point to yonder quenchless fires,  
Silence, from her azure height,  
Sits musing on a cloud of light.

And now, when evening's spreading shades  
Have deepened darkly into night,  
And through the wide cerulean,  
The stars of heaven are burning bright,  
I love to make the turf my seat,  
To spend an hour in musings sweet,  
And let my roaming fancy free,  
Among the myriad stars to flee.

**Imagination soars afar—**

Thro' wide, wide ether realms I sail,  
Upon a cloud's frail gossamer,  
That flits along the dancing gale ;  
And changing forms of love and light,  
Come floating to my raptured sight,  
Arrayed in all the robes of love  
We dream have fallen from above.

In such a silent hour as this,  
I picture visions on the sky,  
Fleeting, and bright, and shadowless,  
As the frail clouds on which they lie ;  
And when I turn from all these bright  
Illusions that so charm the sight,  
Those gorgeous realms of castle building,  
Glowing with Fancy's brilliant gilding ;

Tis falling from a lofty height  
To these dull joyless views of earth ;  
Tis all so cold and comfortless ;  
And there is such an utter dearth  
Of scenes which make our bosoms glow,  
And all that makes our pulses flow,  
That I could wish I dwelt among  
Those cheating scenes in mid air hung.

FELIX.

It is the fashion to abuse such poetry as that which follows—to call it puerile and girlish. It is not exactly the popular thing, therefore, to publish it. But we confess to a pleasure in such things—sometimes, and in a limited degree. We like to change our hobby, as the knights of old changed theirs. We like the palfrey after the war-horse. We are willing to laugh upon good occasion—to trifle when we are moved to it—to poise the jereed, (borrowing an Orientalism) after hurling the javelin. We believe there is refreshment and relief in changing from the grave to the gay—that we are no more effeminate for putting off our armor for the dance—that we may use the gifts of gracefulness and mirth which are given us by Him who does all things with proportion, without diminishing the noble strength or the graver caution. He must have a bad heart or a weak mind who fears the exposure of such moments. He must have a wearisome life who never relaxes from his main endeavor. He must have little of that "loving humanity" which distinguishes the noble and just, who pretends to look upon such things with scorn, or takes them as the measure of him

who uses them. For the satisfaction of our readers, however, and of ourselves in another mood, we hope to hear from our correspondent in his graver vein.

## A WISH.

O, that I were a perishing rose,  
Though I lived but an hour of a morn in June,  
To scatter my leaves on the first wind that blows,  
Or wither in the fainting heat of noon.  
What is this wearisome dole of years,  
That man should prefer it to one bright hour,  
Bending beneath the sorrowless tears  
And the dainty perfumes of the morning flower !

No sigh but the zephyr's would pass me there,  
Or the glad young breath of the flower-loving maid,  
Whose budding lips none other might share  
Than the flower in their own sweet hue arrayed.  
And what if she plucked me from my stem ?  
It would be to be wreathed in her clustering hair,  
And I, in that innocent diadem,  
Should shame the pearls that monarchs wear.

And happier eyes would smile at my hues,  
And lips of my own pure red would kiss  
The spicy breath, and the silver dews,  
From out their hiding place of bliss.  
And then would she paint in unwithering bloom  
The image of me, to gaze upon  
When the fading red, and the soft perfume,  
And the dews of the summer morn are gone.

When the dews of the summer morn are gone,  
I should wither away—and so shall the rest ;—  
But the pillow for me to die upon  
Would be the affectionate maiden's breast.  
Oh, then, that I were a perishing rose,  
Though I lived but an hour—a summer hour,—  
To scatter my leaves on the first wind that blows  
Through the scented shade of the maiden's bower.

G.

*Catskill, June 29, 1829.*

## SUMMARY OF INTELLIGENCE.

**THERE** are great complaints, on the continent of Europe, as well as in England, of the depression of business, and of "dull times." The merchants complain of poor markets and low prices, and the people, generally, of heavy taxes and high duties. In some places, the labourers, who have been usually employed in manufactories, are now without occupation and food. The monopolists are at a stand; for they have carried their system to the *ne plus ultra*, and a reaction has been produced. The advocates of free trade are increasing; but this change is attended with its immediate evils. The dispute is still kept up between the two sects of political economists in Europe as well as in America: But the liberal system will probably prevail.

The politicians of England and France are speculating, with intense interest, on the great contest between the Russians and Turks.—They do not entirely approve of the ambitious views, which some suppose are entertained by the Russian court. If Russia should entirely subdue the Turk, or obtain possession of his provinces in Europe, she would be so powerful, as to be an object of continual fear to the neighbouring nations. The policy will, probably be to prevent the conquest of the Turkish territories in Europe, (excepting Greece) by the Emperor of Russia. What part Austria will take in this contest does not yet appear. But her weight in either scale will much affect the balance of power in Europe.

The fourteen years of peace in (the greater part of) Europe, it is believed, have proved favorable to the cause of letters and science. The learned societies in Great Britain and France and Germany are very active; and bestow a liberal patronage on the efforts of literary and scientific individuals. Even in Spain, efforts are making to multiply and to extend the means of knowledge. It will not be improper boasting, however, to say, that the legitimate object of civil government, "the greatest good of the greatest number," is more fully accomplished and attained in the United States, than in any other country of the earth. The people of these States have always duly appreciated the advantages of a good education. Every one is interested in the support and perpetuity of our republican institutions; and all are sensible, that the people must be intelligent, to maintain and preserve them.

Two English Episcopal bishops, sent to Calcutta, have died within a few years—bishops *Heber* and *James*. Dr. *Heber* was a very learned, pious, and catholic man. No one could be more entirely devoted to the duties

of his sacred office. These were uncommonly arduous; for his diocese extended many hundred miles. Bishop *James* survived but a very short time after his arrival at Calcutta. The writings of Bishop *Heber* have given him a just distinction among the learned and religious characters of the age. They are read in this country with great avidity.

The last Report of the Church Missionary Society at Calcutta states, that twenty-four natives were baptized last year in that place, thirteen of whom were adults. Some have received christian baptism at other places in India. Two of these converts from Hindooism are members of opulent families. They were subjected to the loss of caste, and were in fact disinherited. Afterwards, however, the father of one of them, being sick, read the christian scriptures, frequently, and received his son to favor and confidence. The new converts read the Testament much, and recommend it to others. It is also read in many schools attended by the native youth, and kept by Englishmen. There are about six hundred children who attend the schools kept in Calcutta, under the direction of the Missionary Society, and there are similar schools in other large and populous towns; in which the New Testament is occasionally read. Still the parents, generally, are very jealous of direct instructions and efforts to convert their children to the christian religion.

A steam boat has lately ascended the Ganges 850 miles. She was twenty days in the voyage up the river; and twelve, on her return. In some places, the current was so rapid, as to retard their progress materially. We believe this is the first steam vessel, which has gone far into the country from Calcutta. The natives were struck with wonder and admiration.

Letters have been received in Paris, from M. Champollion, written in Nubia, last January. He had ascended the Nile, as far as he intended. "The most he saw at Philæ was modern, that is, Greek or Roman, with the exception of one temple, more ancient, and of Egyptian structure. At Esseboa, he examined the Sphinxes, which adorn a monument built in the time of *Sesostris*. At Ypsamboul are some of the finest monuments of Nubia. There are two temples excavated in a rock or ledge, and covered with sculpture and hieroglyphics. The great temple of Ypsamboul is, alone, worthy of a voyage to Nubia. It would be a wonder, even at Thebes. The labor which this excavation cost, terrifies the imagination. The facade is decorated with four seated colossi, sixty

feet high. They are of magnificent workmanship, and represent Rhamses the Great." Several monuments of high antiquity have been lately demolished by the natives, through wantonness or ignorance.

A meteoric stone fell in Monroe county, in the State of Georgia, on the eighth of May, which weighed thirty-six pounds. Two heavy and distinct reports were heard like cannon, followed by a roaring sound for a minute and a half. The reports were heard at the distance of sixty miles. The stone penetrated thirty inches into the earth. The surface was black, the interior soft and of a gray color. It was found to be chiefly iron and nickel.

*Manetho's* original history of Egypt has been lately discovered among the papyri in the museum at Turin, in Italy. According to the learned professor, who made the discovery, the papyrus belongs to the time of the first of the Ptolemies. It is well known, that *Manetho* is the earliest and almost the only writer of Egyptian history. This document is said to contain a complete sketch of the history of Egypt in early periods. It is written in the hieratic or sacred characters. Much of it is evidently fabulous; for it ascends to the time of the *supposed* reign of the gods. The real dynasties commence with Meres, the first king, who is generally supposed to be Mizraim, a son of Ham. The manuscript states from what city each dynasty sprang, of how many kings it consisted, the number of years they reigned, and the names of all the kings, with short historical remarks.

*London Weekly Review.*

It is predicted that the late act of the British Parliament, for the relief of the Catholics, will have the effect of checking the emigrations of the Irish. In a political view, this measure is honorable to the British ministry and Parliament: and the way is now open for well-educated Catholics, in England and Ireland, to rise to places of power in the government. But what important benefits does it confer upon the great mass of the Irish population? Will they have more profitable employment? Will their burdens be lighter? Will their means of living be improved? Their social condition will be substantially meliorated, it is believed, only when the rents and taxes are lessened; and their landlords are more lenient and generous.

A late London Magazine, referring to the duration of the *pear tree*, states "that there is one now in the grounds of the Earl of Fife, which is in a flourishing condition and bore fruit last season, which was planted more than five hundred years ago." There is one at Salem in this State, planted by Governor Endicott two hundred years since, which yielded, last year, an abundance of fair, good fruit.

A company of learned men from Sweden have lately made a journey through the most northerly parts of Europe and Asia. The mercury was frequently congealed so hard as to be, with difficulty, cut with a knife. They accomplished the object of their journey, which was to find the magnetic pole.

The two gold medals, bestowed by the Royal Society of Literature in London, were, in April of the present year, adjudged to Baron Sylvester de Sacy and Mr. Roscoe; both highly celebrated for their genius and attainments.

A large number of valuable works, both old and new, have lately been received for the Atheneum in this city. The old ones are rare, and the new ones are selected from the most interesting publications of the day.—Besides books presented by generous individuals, many standard and other useful works are added to this library every year, by purchase with funds of the institution.

Speaking of a new work by Mr. Southey, the editor of the London Quarterly Review, with the title of "the State and Prospects of Society," Mr. Walsh expresses the opinion, "that it is unjustly severe and abusive of the character of the people in the United States." Southey has always been reluctant in allowing us the credit of any learning or refinement in this *republican* country; and is so uncandid as to represent the majority or all to be agreeable to the specimens of the lowest individuals, described by European travellers. He thinks, that as we have no showy ritual in public worship and no *state religion*, we must be all Hottentots and Pagans. Mr. Southey, probably, has a little spice of good old English bigotry and aristocracy in his feelings. But the more enlightened men, even in Europe, are ready to acknowledge, that religion may be maintained and prevail, without the support of the civil arm or the interference of government; at least, as to particular creeds, or outward ceremonies.

The editor of the London Quarterly Review says, "that Jefferson, Madison, and Monroe have sunk into the common herd;" and predicts, "that the memory of Gen. Washington will be forgotten before the present century expires." How unjustly do the friends of monarchy value the blessings of our free, republican institutions! We consider it the glory and honor of these great men to have retired voluntarily from public life, in their old age, and to mingle with their fellow citizens, who have the same rights and principles with themselves.

"The London Foreign Quarterly Review," published in April, contains, among other articles, the following,—On the language and literature of Holland; Antient national poetry of Spain; Scandinavian Mythology; His-

tory of the Ottoman Empire; History of English literature and poetry, by a Frenchman; Account of a MS. of the Gospel of St. John.

The North American Review, for July, may justly lay claim to very high merit.—Several of the articles are uncommonly interesting; and all are ably written.

*Books lately published in London.*—Natural History of Enthusiasm; The Protestant's Companion; Simon's Hope of Israel; Stratton-hill, a tale of the civil wars, in the time of Charles I.; Repentance, and other poems, by Brown; Scott, on natural and revealed religion; Bishop Heber's Sermons, preached in India; Kirby's Sermons on the temptations of Christ; Burder on *Revivals* in Religion; Hewlet's Scripture History; Bishop Kay's account of the writings and opinions of Justin Martyr, one of the most early christian fathers; Essay on the Coins of Scripture, illustrative of the truth of the sacred history; Stories from History of Scotland, by Rev. A. Stewart; Dangerous Errors; Devereux, by the author of Pelham; Outlines of a new system of Political Economy; Essay on Moral Freedom.

The London University is represented to be in a very prosperous state, and promises advantages to the youth of that great city fully equal to the early hopes of its founders. The bigoted Episcopalians object to the institution, because the articles and service of the church of England are not made indispensably necessary. But many eminent individuals of that political church, as well as dissenters, are warm advocates for the liberal plan, which has been adopted.

Mr. Murray (of London) has commenced the publication of "the family library:" a volume is to be published every month. The English reviewers speak of the plan with approbation. The collection is judicious.

*Works lately published in the United States.*—A View of the Constitution of the United States; second edition, Philadelphia—A Geographical and Statistical Survey of the State of Maine, with Maps; Portland—Tra-

vels in the north of Germany, by H. E. Dwight; New-York—Memoirs of the late Mrs. Susan Huntington; third edition; Boston—Memoirs of De Witt Clinton, late Governor of the State of New-York; by Dr. Hosack; New-York—A Practical Grammar of the English Language, by R. G. Greene; Portland—Stories on Connecticut, designed for the instruction and amusement of youth; by C. A. Goodrich; Hartford—Outlines of the History of England, on the plan of D. Blair; adapted to the use of Schools; S. G. Goodrich, Boston—The Ladies' Lexicon and Parlour Companion; designed for Schools and Academies; by W. Grimshaw; Philadelphia—Letters from Europe, in 1828, first published in New-York Observer; Crocker & Brewster, Boston—Specimens of American Poetry; S. G. Goodrich, Boston—An Analysis of the Book of Revelations; Philadelphia—Sermons on War, by T. T. Stone; Peirce & Williams, Boston—Sermons, by late J. S. Buckminster; Carter & Hendee, Boston—Sermons by late J. E. Abbot; Wait and Green, Boston—Natural Theology, by Paley; illustrated by numerous plates; Lincoln & Edmands, Boston.

On the river Mississaqua, in Upper Canada, there is an Indian village consisting of upwards of two hundred souls. They live in cottages, quite neat and convenient, having three rooms—and they cultivate the ground after the manner of the English. They appear quiet and happy; and have schools for their children. They are very averse from having the whites come among them, as they say, that they learn their children to swear and to drink ardent spirits.

At a late sale of West's pictures in London, "Christ Rejected," sold for three hundred guineas—"Death on the Pale Horse," for two hundred guineas, and was painted by Mr. West, at the age of 80. "Moses receiving the Law," for 500 guineas—"Ascension of our Saviour," 200 guineas—"Death of Wolfe," for 500—and the "Death of Nelson," for 850.

The third volume of Mr. Jefferson's Works has been published.